

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 258.—28 APRIL, 1849.

From Fraser's Magazine.  
MADAME DE MAINTENON.\*

VERY few books have been published in France since the late revolution. Newspapers and pamphlets, in which the questions of the day are angrily debated, have been the only intellectual food of our neighbors, and the republic of letters seems to have been completely awed into silence by the unexpected appearance of her stern political sister with the Phrygian cap and uncompromising level. Pamphlets, bought for a few pence, and read in as many minutes, are as much as the Republic of 1848 can afford; her citizens have neither time nor money for the more substantial productions of literature. Only four works of any importance have made their appearance within the last few months, though it must be allowed that these form complete exceptions to the remark we have just made. Chateaubriand's *Memoirs*, St. Beuve's continuation of the *History of Port-Royal*, Lamartine's *Raphael*, and the Duc de Noailles' *Life of Madame de Maintenon*, have no connection whatever with the feelings which at present agitate French society, and throw no light on the questions, upon the solution of which its very existence seems to depend. They must appear to France like vestiges of a by-gone literary world, relics of the days before the revolutionary flood, when men and books lived longer, and authors had time to be pains-taking, and readers had leisure to be patient. Monsieur de Noailles' book, especially, is a literary anachronism. There is something anti-republican in the very appearance of the work. Its lordly and marvellously well-printed volumes are just such as one would expect to see figuring in a catalogue of "royal and noble authors," or issuing from the amateur press of a Walpole. Surely this panegyric of Louis XIV., of the sovereign whom Goethe designates as "the Man-Monarch," and who is styled by Leibnitz, "the most kingly of all kings," was not written since the last members of his family became exiles from republican France; M. de Noailles did not take his pen off the page where he had been transcribing Bossuet's opinion on the divine right of kings, to write a vote for the Constituent Assembly; and his proof-sheets were not corrected with the roar of the cannon of June in his ears. No!—these sober, well-written pages, full of patient research and careful analysis, were the offspring of more peaceful times, and were to have made their appearance under the monarchy; not, indeed, such a monarchy as M. de Noailles has taken delight in painting, but at any rate a *régime* under which his skilful, and at

times eloquent, defence of Madame de Maintenon would have been appreciated. As it is, this picture of a society so firmly established presented to the view of France in the present day is curious enough. This description of the power of Louis XIV., venerated almost to adoration, forms a strange contrast with the precarious authorities of the scarce recognized republic. The Duc de Noailles was, perhaps, the person of all others best fitted for the task he has undertaken. He was one of the most distinguished orators of the late Chamber of Peers, where he was ever a firm, though moderate, supporter of monarchical principles; descended from a niece of Madame de Maintenon, he has inherited the Château de Maintenon, and possesses, in the archives of his family, many valuable documents relative to his fair grandmother, of whom he is the chivalrous champion. His is a labor of love, ably and reverently accomplished. The following lines may serve as a specimen of his mode of treating the most delicate part of his subject:—

The virtue of a woman is never a seemly subject of discussion. Even those women who have been most calumniated, if properly alive to the conscious dignity of their sex, will, on so delicate a subject, think silence preferable to controversy, though this latter should furnish proofs in their favor. Praise, even, is an offence. Madame de Maintenon herself would certainly have forbidden me to reply to the outrageous libels by which she has been attacked.

This is, perhaps, more chivalrous than satisfactory; but M. de Noailles is not always so reserved, and his volumes throw light on many obscure points of his heroine's life and character. Strange to say, Madame de Maintenon is still to many persons a mysterious personage—an historical enigma. Was she a saint or a hypocrite? the last favorite of the Versailles harem, or the lawful, though unrecognized, wife of the most powerful monarch in Europe? Her letters, from which the most accurate estimate of her character might have been formed, have been given to the world in the mutilated edition published by La Beaumelle; and the general opinion of her has been derived chiefly from Protestant writers, who erroneously attributed to her influence the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, or from the *Memoirs* of the too caustic St. Simon. Even La Beaumelle's *Memoirs of Madame de Maintenon*, which sent their author to the Bastile, can scarcely be depended on, so much of romance is there mixed up with truth.

The world, too, is never indulgent towards those whose tardy elevation has only brought them into notice when the charm of youth is past. Madame de Maintenon has never been young in the eyes of posterity. The lovely Françoise d'Aubigné, the

\* Histoire de Madame de Maintenon et des principaux Evénements du Règne de Louis XIV. Par Monsieur le Duc de Noailles. Paris, 1848.

witty wife of the poet Scarron, is merged in the austere founder of St. Cyr, the imposing devotee presiding over the gloomy court of Louis XIV. in his latter years. In our injustice we are even inclined to attribute to her influence the alteration which took place in the monarch himself, and which increasing years and declining glory might sufficiently explain. We unconsciously visit on Madame de Maintenon the change which transformed the chivalrous and ardent lover of Mademoiselle de Lavallière into a cold and selfish bigot, as though his old age had been but a reflection of that of his staid mistress—a contagion which he might have escaped in more cheerful company. But we will let Madame de Maintenon's historian speak for himself:—

We have never known Madame de Maintenon otherwise than old, in her sad-colored gown and coif; rigid and austere, domineering over a court which had become as serious as herself, and bearing, not only the weight of years, but that of the king's and her own *ennui*. Her best-known portrait by Mignard, which represents her at the age of sixty, in the character of St. Frances the Roman, bears an expression which, though noble and dignified, is saddened and morose, and has tended to impress her in that light on our imagination. No reflex of her youth softens to our eyes the furrows of her more advanced age; for that to be the case one should have known her young. Fortunate, indeed, are those whose image is handed down to posterity in the garb of youth and beauty. Posterity is ever disposed to judge them leniently.

M. de Noailles has adopted the best method of counteracting this unfavorable impression, by affixing to his work a portrait of Madame de Maintenon (we should say, Madame Scarron) at the age of twenty-four. No arguments could have made half so many converts to the cause he defends as this charming portrait, exquisitely engraved by Mercurej, from a miniature by Petitot. The rounded shoulder, upon which the gown is lightly clasped, is not that of a prude; the sparkling eye, full of feeling and vivacity, is not that of the narrow-minded bigot that some historians have painted. From the very first sight of that portrait we became the declared partisans of Madame de Maintenon. The testimony of her contemporaries is unanimous as to her easy wit, clear judgment, and the irresistible charm of her conversation. Madame de Sévigné, a good judge in these matters, describes her as "good, handsome, and unaffected;" and adds, "One can talk and laugh pleasantly with her." Mademoiselle de Scudéry, who would have scorned to write, save under the veil of allegory, describing her as the fair Lyriamne, says, "Her wit seemed exactly fitted to her beauty." Louis XIV. never wearied of her conversation, though accustomed to the wit and lively intercourse of the brilliant Montespan; and this latter, her rival, in spite of the promptings of jealousy, found an almost unaccountable pleasure in her society. Ninon de l'Enclos, who was no friend to pedantry or affectation, bears testimony to her great powers of pleasing. When we consider

this concert of praise from the best judges of the day, it seems difficult to account for the prejudice which posterity has conceived against her, and in order to do so we are obliged to keep in mind that such a position as hers creates for a favorite innumerable enemies. We must remember the enmity of the Duke of Orleans, (afterwards regent,) who attributed his disgrace to her influence; the hatred of the Protestants, whom she had renounced; of the Jansenists and Quietists, whom she had equally offended; the jealousy of the princes, and still more of the princesses of the blood, who smarted under her rather sharp rebukes, and reluctantly submitted to her severe authority. All these enmities, and the calumnies to which they gave rise, have been chronicled in the writings of La Fare, St. Simon, and of the Bavarian princess who married the dauphin, and too readily believed. We are apt to suppose that the king must have been circumvented, and his natural judgment warped by religious scruples, before he could decide on marrying, at the age of forty-seven, a woman three years older than himself. But Time deals not with an equal hand to all. Madame de Maintenon was still handsome, and, as we have said, possessed intellectual charms, against which even half a century is powerless.

Tradition relates that Charlemagne had a beloved mistress so dear to him, that when she died no power could separate him from her dead body. Bishops and archbishops assembled to discover what potent spell had thus bewitched the powerful emperor, and lo! beneath the tongue of the deceased beauty was found a small pearl—and there lay the charm! We have always considered this legend as typical of that persuasive eloquence by which many enchantresses have ruled since the days of Charlemagne. May not the pearl which enslaves even kings have descended to Madame de Maintenon, as the throne of Charlemagne did to Louis XIV.?

The book before us is as much a history of the reign of Louis XIV. as a life of Madame de Maintenon. The author has evidently been drawn on by his subject, and although Madame de Maintenon is the principal personage, around her are grouped her most illustrious contemporaries, and the chief events of the reign in which she figured so prominently are somewhat partially, perhaps, but always ably, related.

The Dutch war, the state of the literary world, the quarrels of the rival religious sects, the legitimization of the king's children, and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, are all cleverly treated. On this latter question we must be allowed to differ in some degree from the author. We are willing to admit, that at the period of the revocation both Protestants and Catholics in other countries were equally intolerant; that liberty of conscience was not recognized generally in principle; and that the laws passed in England, even at a later period, against Catholics, were quite as stringent as any of those of Louis XIV. against the Protestants; but this was no excuse for a prince who was retracing the steps which his predecessors had taken towards

religious liberty. He was revoking a liberal concession, for which France had been ripe nearly ninety years before. He had the example of Henri IV. before his eyes, and his minister, Louvois, needed only to imitate the chancellor L'Hôpital, who had preceded him by a century. We, therefore, think that M. de Noailles has not blamed with sufficient severity the religious persecutions, both avowed and covert, which disgraced the latter years of this reign; nor can we admit that they were as generally approved by the country at large as he would wish us to believe. Many Catholics protested against the violent means resorted to in order to obtain conversions; nor were the clergy themselves unanimous in their approbation. Be that as it may, we have in these volumes an able and concise history of the Protestant political party in France, as impartial as an enlightened but zealous Catholic can write it. In these matters it is difficult to steer clear of both indifference and intolerance, and it is sad to think that there is much truth in the following remarks:—

It is a fact that men's ideas of toleration have ever depended, to a certain extent, on the place that religion occupies in their minds. Perfect Christianity, as well as civilization, make it incumbent on all men; but toleration is far easier to unbelievers, and they can bear with any religion who are pretty nearly indifferent to all. We cannot boast with reason of the tolerant spirit of the present day as of a moral progress, unless it be united with the fervent faith of our forefathers. It should be remarked, that the toleration which Rousseau and Voltaire taught, and for which they and the other Deists of the last century have been so much extolled, was in fact merely indifference to religious matters, taking its rise in incredulity.

That the Duc de Noailles is disposed to render justice to individual Protestants as well as Catholics, is sufficiently proved by the many pages he devotes to the life of Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné, Madame de Maintenon's grandfather. This stanch old Huguenot is a good type of the men of his day, and although most of the particulars recorded of him are taken from his curious autobiography, the compilation is well and pleasantly made.

His adventurous life while in the service of Henri IV., to whom he was recommended as "a man who found nothing too hot or too cold;" his duels, his narrow escapes, his religious controversies, his poetry, his pious and resigned death-bed, form a strange picture. We find him at one time disputing against the Bishop of Evreux at a public conference held in 1600, in presence of Henri IV. and his court; and he boasts that his arguments so perplexed the prelate "that large drops fell from his forehead on the manuscript of St. Chrysostom which he held." The subject of the controversy was the authority of the popes; and D'Aubigné, not satisfied with his triumph, composed a Latin treatise, *De Dissidiis Patrum*, in support of his opinion. In the midst of a court he never swerved from the rigid inflexibility of his religious tenets, and did not even spare his royal master when he thought that a statement of the

truth might recall him to a sense of his duty. Soon after the abjuration of Henri, an attempt to assassinate him was made by Jean Chatel, and the knife having slightly wounded him on the lip, the uncompromising Huguenot, D'Aubigné, seized the opportunity of apostrophizing him in these words— "Sire, as yet you have renounced God only with your lips, and He is content to pierce them; should you one day renounce Him with your heart, He will surely pierce the heart." Another anecdote will show that if D'Aubigné had the merit of frankness, his royal master possessed the far rarer quality of listening good-naturedly to the most unpleasant truths. The poor King of Navarre, who writes to Sully "that his shirts are all torn, his doublet out at elbow, and that he is glad to dine and sup with his friends right and left," could not afford to be very generous to his followers, and in consequence we find D'Aubigné often complaining of his master's parsimony. On one occasion, when he slept with his friend Laforce in a closet adjoining the king's bed-room, he gave vent to his usual grumblings, and among other things said—"Laforce, our master is a niggardly hunk, (*un ladre vert*), and the most ungrateful mortal on earth." "What do you say?" inquired Laforce, who was getting drowsy. Upon which the king, who had overheard the conversation from his bed, called out, "He says I am a niggardly hunk, and the most ungrateful mortal on earth." Henry was not a whit less friendly to his squire on the morrow, but truth compels us to add that he gave him not one stiver the more after this lesson. From these anecdotes the reader will see that the author is justified in writing of D'Aubigné—

No character can give a better idea of the super-abundant life and energy which animated the whole sixteenth century. He was, in turn, warrior, historian, poet, theologian, a controversialist, even when required, ever ready to lay down the sword for the pen. He was, likewise, a true type of those rough Huguenot nobles, who, with their helmets on and sword in hand, remained in their proud independence, unflinching in their faith, and inflexible in their hatred of popery. Even towards Henri IV. he continued to act the part of those great malecontents, the Frondeurs of the Valois court, who censured everything, would always speak their mind, or withdraw suddenly from court to have recourse to arms. Under the firm hand of Cardinal Richelieu this description of character was gradually moderated, and finally, in the submissive court of Louis XIV., became extinct in the person of the secret and mute Frondeur St. Simon, whose dissembled spleen was vented in his voluminous and long-known memoirs.

Strictly speaking, neither the life of D'Aubigné, nor that of his scapegrace son, are necessary introductions to a history of Madame de Maintenon. They had no direct influence over her destiny; she neither inherited the virtues of her grandfather nor the vices of her father; and we suspect that M. de Noailles has been glad to use them as vehicles for exhibiting royalty in one of its most popular personifications, Henri IV. His senti-

ments, for which there is no name even in the French language, are those which we term "loyalty;" and he dwells with pleasure on the contrast between the two kings, Henri IV. and Louis XIV., each being in his way the glory of the French monarchy. The king-errant, winning his kingdom at the sword's point, excites the admiration of the author as much as the "Grand Monarque," raising his country to its highest pitch of glory and power.

But to return to the D'Aubignés. The severest trial of the old Huguenot, harder to bear than prison or exile, was the conduct of his only son; whom he consigns to rebuke in his memoirs by the following sentence of condemnation—"As God does not entail His grace on flesh and blood, so my eldest son, Constant d'Aubigné, in no way resembled his father, although I had taken all possible pains with his education." And, in truth, this Constant d'Aubigné, was a sad character. We find him in England, thanks to his name, admitted to the secret councils of the Protestant party there, and revealing to the French government the projected expedition for the relief of La Rochelle. This conduct, which drew down upon him his father's malediction, procured him favor at court, an advantageous marriage with a Catholic, and the restitution of certain confiscated lands which had formerly belonged to his family. But Constant d'Aubigné was a man who could not be reclaimed even by prosperity. The ill-gotten fortune was soon squandered, and about five years after his first act of treachery he was once more busily employed in treasonable intrigues. This time his negotiations were with the English government, and were, of course, viewed far differently by the French court. D'Aubigné was first imprisoned at Bordeaux, then transferred to Niort; and it was in the *conciergerie*, or gaol of that town, that little Françoise, his daughter, the future Madame de Maintenon was born, in 1635. Six years confinement having been considered a sufficient expiation of his misdeeds, Constant d'Aubigné was released by the intercession and through the interest of his wife; and wisely judging that he was most likely to prosper where he was least known, he set sail for Martinique with his family. A fortune was soon made, and as quickly lost at the gambling-table; and D'Aubigné was but too happy to obtain an inferior military post to keep his family from starvation. In this humble situation, at the very moment when he appeared likely to reform, death closed his troubled career, and his widow returned to France, in the faint hope of saving a pittance out of the wreck of their shattered fortunes. The trials of Madame d'Aubigné had not been of the kind that soften the heart, and under the ungentle hand of misfortune she had grown rigid and austere. Little Françoise was brought up carefully, but somewhat sternly; and we are told that some of her first reading lessons were taken in Plutarch! How far these early studies influenced her future conduct it would be difficult to say, but it may be that in reading of

the illustrious dead she first imbibed that ardent desire for public esteem which was the great spring of all her actions. To be well thought of, well spoken of, and well written of, was the object of her whole life. For the good opinion of men she would cheerfully have sacrificed happiness as well as pleasure.

We are involuntarily reminded that in the following century another young girl, who was one day to be known as Madame Roland, also made Plutarch her favorite study; and in her, too, we discover the same intense love of applause. At first sight the parallel seems strange; the two destinies were so diverse that we can scarcely trace the analogy that existed in many points of character between them; yet the ardent Girondist and the calm believer in divine right were both under the dominion of the same ruling passion. Madame de Maintenon's first object was public esteem; Madame Roland, in more troublous times, aspired higher, and sought admiration. Both trampled love under foot, and retained in the midst of corruption their unspotted reputation. In periods of unrivalled intellectual splendor, they were each surrounded by the most distinguished men of their day, who sought inspiration from their counsels. Virtue, differently understood, was the aim of both; but with both it was, likewise, the means by which fame was to be won.

Madame d'Aubigné, we have said, was a Catholic; but on several occasions, when she was obliged to leave Paris, her little daughter had been confided to the care of Madame de Villette, her aunt, who had instructed her in the reformed faith, of which her grandfather had been so zealous a champion. The child, who for the first time in her life saw herself kindly treated, was well disposed to receive the lessons of an affectionate teacher; and even in after days, when the religious tenets thus tenderly inculcated were gradually giving way under other influences, she never forgot the gentle teaching of her early creed; and, when pressed to abjure, would often say, "I will believe what you wish, provided you do not require me to believe that my aunt De Villette will be damned." Little Françoise was soon to be transferred to a rougher school. Conversions were already the order of the day; and a more distant relation, but a strict Catholic, Madame de Neuillant, obtained an order from the court to take charge of the little heretic. She was one of those who think that people should be thrust into the right way, and not allured to it; and whatever care she may have taken of the soul of her young charge, she appears to have treated the body rather roughly. The future wife of Louis XIV. was subjected to every humiliation, and employed in the most degrading offices. In one of her letters we read, in allusion to this period of her life, "I governed the poultry yard, and it was there my reign commenced." As might have been expected, her childish faith grew strong under persecution; and neither her moth-

er's entreaties nor Madame de Neuillant's threats could obtain her abjuration. All violent means proving ineffectual she was placed in the convent of the Ursulines in Paris, where gentler methods were resorted to. No outward conformity was required of her; on Fridays and Saturdays she was even allowed meat, and no apparent efforts were made to obtain her abjuration; but none of the milder arts of persuasion and kindness were omitted, and in a few months Mademoiselle d'Aubigné was once more, and forever, a Catholic.

Her first appearance in Parisian society was very transient, and only admitted of her being introduced with her mother into a few circles, and amongst others at Scarron's. In all minds she left a remembrance of her youth, beauty, and modesty; but on none did she make so strong an impression as on the poor poet whose wife she was destined to be. When, on the death of her mother, which occurred soon after at Niort, their native town, Mademoiselle d'Aubigné was left to poverty and loneliness, Scarron recollects and wrote to the little girl, whom he remembered to have seen enter his drawing-room six months before in a scanty provincial dress, with her gown much too short, and who, on that occasion, he adds, "began to cry, I know not why." Scarron must have been little skilled in the mysteries of a heart of fifteen not to know that no better reason than that said scanty and short gown need be found to account for tears in those dark eyes, which would have sparkled with delight at their own beauty if the odious provincial dress had not obscured it. But this was not the only mark of interest that Scarron showed the "fair Indian," as she was called by the fanciful and ungeographical wits of the day, in consequence of her residence in Martinique during her childhood. When she once more returned to Paris under the humiliating protection of Madame de Neuillant, Scarron, from his slender means, offered her the sum required to enable her to escape from the thraldom by entering a convent. It was only on her refusal that he presumed to propose marriage with himself as an alternative, though this, he says, "was a great poetical license on his part." Mademoiselle d'Aubigné's choice, was not long doubtful, and, as she herself said afterwards, "she much preferred marrying him to a convent."

We have always thought that biographers have considered too exclusively the burlesque side of Scarron's character, and have scarcely done justice to the strength of mind which must have been required to bear sickness and poverty with unalterable cheerfulness. That man must have been more than a mere grotesque buffoon, who could not only preserve the free use of all his faculties of mind during intense bodily suffering, but could even make those very sufferings a theme for his talents and a stepping-stone to fame. His contemporary, Balzac, was, perhaps, justified in writing, in one of those innumerable letters that earned for him the title of the "Grand Epistolier," that Scarron was a living protest against the weakness of human

nature, and that he surpassed Hercules or Prometheus of fable, or even Job of patient memory; for "these said, it is true, very fine things in their torments, but were never facetious. Antiquity shows, and I have read of examples, where *Pain* spoke wisely, or even eloquently, but never joyously as in this case; and there never had been seen till now a mind that could dance a saraband in a paralytic body."

M. de Noailles has almost imparted dignity to the character of Scarron, and well explained his situation in the world. We are apt to suppose that the wife of a poor, crippled, burlesque poet, could play but an obscure part in the brilliant society of that day, especially when we remember that the only income of the pair was derived from an irregularly-paid pension and Scarron's literary labors, which he facetiously termed his "marquisate of *Quinet*," from the name of his publisher. But Scarron was not a man of low birth; he was descended from a family of honorable magistrates; and even had not this been the case, his talents, which were well suited to the taste of his day, would have brought his wife into notice. At that time men of letters were beginning to shake off the patronage of the great, which had so long debased, while it appeared to foster, their genius, and to acquire that social influence which, once founded, was destined steadily to increase, until at the latter end of the eighteenth century it extended to an almost absolute sway. Then, indeed, not only French society, but all the nations of Europe, were to be convulsed by theories, traced by pens scarcely more intellectually powerful, and certainly not more independent by nature, than those which under Louis XIV. gloried in writing the eulogies of princes, or in rhyming petitions for pensions. Some fifty years before Mademoiselle d'Aubigné became the wife of Scarron, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, the foundation (if we may use the word) of polite society in France had been laid at the Hôtel Rambouillet. In that society a double tendency might be distinctly traced; there was among a select few a reform in manners, and in general an extraordinary movement in men's minds, with a gradual spread of literary taste. Madame de Rambouillet was the first *grande dame* of the *ancien régime*, and her drawing-room the first of those all-powerful *salons* of Paris, which have reigned from thenceforward in uninterrupted succession to the present day. The history of those *salons*, if some hand could be found delicate enough to write it, would be the history of the most real though occult influences which have regulated the destinies of France.

But the course of reform never yet ran smooth; and the early part of the seventeenth century offered strange contrasts. There was a struggle between the license of the preceding age, and the general tendency which we have just pointed out; indeed, a hidden undercurrent of corruption may be said to have run through even the comparatively decorous reign of Louis XIV., to reappear under the regency; as some diseases which seem to be extinct during a period of public health are,

nevertheless, obscurely perpetuated in our hospitals, to burst forth with renewed virulence when circumstances favor their spread. Still the influence of improved taste was sure though slow, and when Mademoiselle d'Aubigné married about 1652—the century of corruption, of which Brantôme and Tallement des Réaux have left the records, from Francis I. and his profligate successors, down to Louis XIII., had passed away. The ladies who wrote the six thousand love-letters that Bas-sompiere boasts of having burnt on the eve of entering the Bastille, had grown old and steady; the novel of D'Urfé, *L'Astrée*, had introduced a new and sentimental fashion in love;—in a word, the reign of decorum, if not of virtue, had been inaugurated.

Any sketch, however slight, of the society which met at the Hôtel Rambouillet, or of the coterie of the *Précieuses*, to which it gave birth, would draw us far beyond our limits. This is too attractive ground, and as we glance at the thick volumes lying on our table, we are reminded of the danger which attends such excursions. We will only say, that the Hôtel Rambouillet, linked with, though independent of, the court, was the first neutral ground where courtiers and authors met on equal terms. There might be seen all that was most illustrious in France, by birth, situation, or mind. The Princess of Condé and the Duchess of Longueville, the Duke of Enghien and the Prince de Conti, mingling familiarly with the wits of the day. During a period of about half a century, all the literary men of France, (those whose fame is now forgotten, as well as those whose fame will be immortal,) had figured there in turn from old Malherbe, down to young Bos-suet, who preached at the age of twelve. Some of these, not indeed the most illustrious, seem to have used their newly-acquired equality rather freely; and the Duke of Enghien is reported to have said of Voiture, the great favorite of this distinguished circle, and proportionably familiar and easy—"Indeed, if Voiture were of our condition he would be unbearable!" Many of the literary men of the day could not, however, from their want of fortune, or the irregularity of their lives, mingle in this courtly set; these used to meet at Scarron's. There the parts were reversed: and whereas at the Hôtel Rambouillet the court did the honors to literature, at Scarron's the civility seemed to be returned. The ladies were, of course, not the same, the tone was less chastened, the *bon mots* less covert; and Marion Delorme and Ninon de l'Enclos held the place which princesses filled in the more exclusive circle. It was over this rather motley society that Madame Scarron presided during the eight years of her married life, respected and admired by all. It is no small praise to say, that the same woman who was one day to add new dignity to the court of the most stately and profuse monarch of modern days, appears to have imparted fresh cheerfulness to the meetings at the joyous poet's, and to have introduced economy and regularity into his disorderly household.

We have said, that it would be difficult within the limits of this article to follow M. de Noailles through all the subjects that he treats; and we should not even allude to his chapter on the Fronde, if it did not contain some of the best pages of his book. He traces a most able parallel between the aristocracy of France and that of England. The latter he represents as continually allied with the people against the encroachments of royalty; while the former, far more powerful at the outset, had to struggle against the continual though unavowed league of the sovereign and the nation, who considered the independent and oppressive nobles as a common adversary. Successive monarchs had prepared the subjugation of the French nobility which Louis XIV. accomplished. From thenceforward the aristocracy was definitively conquered, and politically annulled, for the benefit of all-powerful royalty. But if the French nobles failed in the political object which those of England attained, they, at least, cast by arms an immortal splendor on the history of their country, and, devoting themselves to war, undertook to die, when required, for the defence or aggrandizement of France:—

This military spirit was perpetuated in the French aristocracy, and became its distinctive feature. Ever ready to obey the first summons to arms; to leave all else for glory; and to ruin themselves for the service of the state, the French nobles have been the same even to the end—whether we see them by their intrepidity driving back the English at Fontenoy, or retiring, proud and contented, to their manors, with the cross of St. Louis and a threabare doublet. But the sovereign and independent existence of the French aristocracy at its origin, gave it a position and importance which that of England had not. The Duc de Rohan, in his travels, was quite surprised at the inferior situation of the English nobles. "They pay taxes," he exclaims, with surprise, "and are not masters of their vassals as we are at home!" In France the aristocracy had a feeling of proud independence; a habit of patronage and clientship; a consciousness of superiority and privileges; and, above all, a certain grandeur of manners and taste for perilous adventure, which make it stand out in bold relief on our annals, and whose last tumultuous effort expired at the Fronde. The two countries we have compared had then both reached a critical period, and were both attaining almost at the same time the result of the long labor which had taken place in each in a contrary direction. But in the midst of the comedy which was going on here, we scarcely noticed the terrible tragedy which, under Charles I., was enacted at our very gates; and while England passed on to liberty with an austere brow, France threw herself smiling into the arms of despotism. The Fronde was, in fact, merely a last day granted to the ambition of the great nobles; from thenceforward all movement stops, all ambition becomes mute, all pretensions are relinquished; and, at a given signal, every one in silence takes his place behind the great king, to march in order in the stately procession, at whose head the imposing and magnificent monarch progresses through the age, to the admiration of his contemporaries and of posterity.

Madame Scarron was not for some time to play

any part in this sumptuous pageantry. When Scarron died, she was once more left to struggle with poverty, and would have been reduced to entire destitution, had not the interest of her friends obtained for her the continuation of her husband's pension on the queen-mother's private purse. She spent the first years of her widowhood in that same Ursuline convent in which she had been brought up; and on her slender income she always managed, says Mademoiselle d'Aumale, (who was the constant companion of her latter years,) "to live respectably, to be neatly shod, and to burn wax lights." She led a simple but not a retired life, and mixed much in company. We find her at the Hôtel d'Albret, and the Hôtel Richelieu, two of the most important houses of the day, and much sought after in both. It appears to be at this time that she first began gradually to discard the mixed society (Ninon and others) that she had frequented as the wife of Scarron.

But Fortune seemed determined to do her best to break down that proud spirit, or to ruffle the serenity of that self-possessed mind. The death of the queen-mother deprived Madame Scarron of all resources, and reduced her to the humiliating necessity of applying to friends. After many disappointments, she had at last made up her mind to accompany the Princess of Nemours, who was going to Portugal to marry Alphonso VI., king of that country. Strange to say, it was Madame de Montespan who interfered to prevent her departure, little dreaming that she was detaining her future rival. She herself undertook to present the widow Scarron's petition to the king; and whether it was that the hand that presented it made it more acceptable, or from respect to the queen-mother's memory, it is certain that it was immediately acceded to, and the pension continued by the king. From that time Madame de Montespan never entirely lost sight of the widow; and when, a few years later, a confidential person was required to educate the king's and her own illegitimate children, her choice fell on Madame Scarron. This latter only accepted the charge as concerning the king's children, and on condition that the offer should proceed from him, and not from Madame de Montespan. A singular scruple, which gives a good idea of the partial laws of morality then existing! Louis XIV. had not at that time lost all shame; Monsieur de Montespan was troublesome, and during three years Madame Scarron and her young charges lived mysteriously concealed in a magnificent house in one of the most retired quarters of Paris. The king often visited his children in secret; and the attractive conversation of their governess soon conquered the prejudice that he had at first conceived against her, and which made him ironically speak of her to Madame de Montespan as "your *bel-esprit*." It was only at the latter end of 1673 that the three children of Madame de Montespan were legitimized, presented to the queen, and definitively installed at court with their governess. Madame Scarron was then nearly forty. The courtiers,

by an instinct of flattery, felt that the memory of Scarron should now be kept in the background; and when on one occasion the king styled her Madame de Maintenon, from the name of an estate which his bounty had enabled her to purchase, the fashion was immediately adopted; and the name of the poor poet ceased to startle the echoes of Versailles. It seemed as though the wish expressed in his epitaph had been fulfilled, and that he had been left to his first long night of repose.\*

From that time Madame de Maintenon's history is the history of the court, with all its intrigues and all its jealousies! She had taken on a chain which she was not to lay down until the death of Louis XIV. delivered her from her grandeur; she was to expiate the pride which had been the mainspring of all her actions by *ennui* such as has rarely fallen to the lot of any human being. We shall not dwell on this part of her life; contemporary memoirs have made the jealous *hauteur* of Madame de Montespan, the transient reign of the fair Fontanges, and the steadily-increasing favor of Madame de Maintenon, familiar as the gossip of the present day. We all fancy that we have seen the wilful and capricious Montespan driving her little filigree-coach round her splendid apartments of Versailles, and letting the six white mice which were harnessed to it nibble her fair hands. We do not think, besides, that M. de Noailles has well-treated this part of his subject. A lighter hand than his—a feminine pen, we should say—would be required to trace those courtly quarrels which gave the *Grand Monarque* more trouble to appease than the government of all his dominions.

The king's marriage with Madame de Maintenon is no longer a subject of doubt in most minds, although no proofs of it are extant. We had hoped that M. de Noailles might have furnished us with new documents, but beyond giving some plausible reasons for fixing the date at 1685, instead of 1683, according to St. Simon, he has added nothing to our stock of information.

It is at this crowning point, at this very summit of her elevation, that the author leaves his heroine, giving us the promise of another volume shortly. This, we suppose, will contain the history of the foundation of St. Cyr, and of the latter years of the remarkable woman whose life we have just sketched.

As we take our leave of the age of Louis XIV. and write the word St. Cyr, we are reminded of the wish expressed by its charitable foundress, when, in remembrance of her own neglected childhood, she established that asylum for the indigent daughters of the nobility:—"I wish," she said, "that St. Cyr may last as long as France, and France as long as the world!" The world is there, and France, too, full of life, notwithstanding her revolutions; but St. Cyr is gone, and with

\* Scarron wrote the following epitaph for himself:

Passants, ne faites pas de bruit,  
De crainte que je ne m'éveille;  
Car voilà la première nuit  
Que le pauvre Scarron sommeille.

it the monarchy of Louis XIV.! When, in 1793, all religious communities were dissolved, and the pupils and teachers of St. Cyr dispersed, there was one person there, and one only, who had known Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon. Her name was Madame de la Bastide. Among the pupils, too, there was a young girl named Marianne Buonaparte, who had been admitted by an ordonnance of Louis XVI., after satisfactorily proving 140 years of *noblesse*. In the archives of the department of Seine-et-Oise at Versailles, may still be seen a letter full of bad spelling, signed "Buonaparte." In this letter the future emperor not only claims his sister, but also applies for the allowance of twenty sous per league, which was granted by the revolutionary government to all the pupils to allow them to regain their home. Mdlle. Buonaparte's home being far distant, at Ajaccio, entitled her to a sum of 350 francs, which she accordingly received.

Few persons will lay down these volumes without having conceived a more favorable opinion of Madame de Maintenon than any of her other historians had succeeded in creating; but we do not think that M. de Noailles has been equally successful in his apology of Louis XIV. His egotism, his self-adoration, stand out on every page; nor do we think that the *Memoirs*,\* of which M. de Noailles has very satisfactorily proved the authenticity, are likely to give us a more favorable view of his character. Certain passages are quoted that seem to have been written expressly to render us more lenient to the follies and delusions of our own time. For instance—

All that lies within the limits of our kingdom, of whatsoever nature it may be, belongs to us in the same degree, and should be equally valuable in our eyes. The moneys in our private purse, the sums in the hands of our treasurers, and those we leave in circulation among our people, should all be husbanded with equal care.

On another occasion he says to his son—

You must, first of all, be convinced, my son, that kings are absolute lords, and have naturally the free disposal of all the goods possessed by the clergy as well as by the laity, to use them at all times with economy; that is to say, for the general wants of the state.

When we reflect that this same royal communist was the man who said that he was the state—*l'Etat, c'est moi!*—we can form a fair estimate of those good old times. Ah, Monsieur le Duc! maxims such as these would almost reconcile one to MM. Proudhon and Pierre Leroux!

#### DYCE SOMBRE.

THERE is a curious case of lunacy pending before the lord chancellor, in England, the particulars of which may be of interest to some of our readers.

The question arises before the lord chancellor, upon a motion to supersede or discharge a commission of lunacy issued against Dyce Sombre, the alleged lunatic.

\* *Oeuvres de Louis XIV.* Paris, 1806.

This Mr. Dyce Sombre was the son of Col. Dyce, by a female in the harem of the Begum Somroo. He was born in 1809, was adopted as her heir, and brought up as her own child. He received some instruction from an English chaplain at Meerut, yet he was brought up as an Asiatic. The Begum had adopted the Roman Catholic faith, and only in that did she differ from the other natives. Her establishment was eastern in all its details. With the Asiatics the point of honor was the chastity of the women; personal truth and integrity were not so much regarded. The Begum died in 1836. Her sovereignty lapsed at her death to the East India Company, but, while she lived, Mr. Dyce Sombre had acted the part of an independent prince, and after her death still retained large wealth. He immediately resolved on coming to this country. He came by way of Calcutta, where he met Sir C. Metcalfe, and accompanied him in the voyage in the year 1838. He became acquainted in that year with Lord St. Vincent, whose daughter he afterwards married.

His position, on his arrival, was this: he was young and rich, an eastern in education and blood; his sudden introduction, therefore, to the circles of fashion and rank in this country must have had a powerful effect on his mind. He soon conceived a desire to marry into an English family. Those who knew him in India, warned him that he would not be happy; that his nature, education and habits were such that he could not accommodate himself to English society, far less to the tastes of an English wife. This was stated to him by General Ventura, who had known him in India, and on meeting him in Paris, resolved, from the regard he entertained for him, to act towards him as a father. Mr. Sombre having expressed his desire to form a connection with some English family, the general told him that, from his knowledge of his character and opinions, he was confident that such a marriage would prove an unhappy one. The only passport Mr. Sombre had to the circles in which he was received, was his wealth. He was a gentleman of some education, and possessed of ordinary intellect. Serious consequences might have been expected to follow his marriage with an English woman.

The effect of his Asiatic education was to produce jealousy. The marriage took place in 1840. He who had been bred to the customs of entire seclusion of the women, was now expected to accommodate himself to the free intercourse and usage of English society. He had married a lady, of whom General Ventura said she was the most beautiful and charming lady he had ever seen. This sprightly and charming lady was the woman of all others, without imputing to her the slightest impropriety, the most likely to excite the jealousy of a man such as Mr. Sombre. From the year 1840 he grew more and more imperious towards her, till, in March, 1843, he was placed under restraint.

This case has been in litigation ever since, and was on argument the day previous to the sailing of the steamer. The testimony is interesting, but exceedingly voluminous. The amount of it is, that there was no compatibility of taste or culture between the parties, and because the lady was among her own kind, he was the insane party; whereas, if they were living in India, by the same rule she would be esteemed the lunatic, and he the pattern of husbands.

The moral of this litigation is a good one to those who read it intelligently.—*N. Y. Ev. Post.*

From the Home Journal.

## FLETA GRAY.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

How oft amid life's phantom chase,  
Some angel memory takes the hand,  
And softened by her calm embrace,  
In passive thoughtfulness we stand.  
How fades before her startling tone  
The dream of pride, the lust of fame;  
How every thought and passion own  
Her power in one low spoken name.

Dear Fleta Gray! the magic sound  
Hath banished years of toil and pain,  
And in love's youthful rapture bound,  
I gaze upon your charms again.  
The deep blue eye, the sunny smile,  
The open brow, the girlish grace—  
I see them all as when erewhile  
Their praise illumined your gentle face.

The same fair earth is bright below,  
The same pure heaven bends above,  
The same sweet streams in music flow,  
Bathed in the light of early love.  
I stand within a world of bliss,  
By sinless passion made divine,  
And all its golden beauty is  
Your own, dear Fleta Gray, and mine.

Intrusive feet ne'er enter here,  
Its loveliness no eye may see,  
Alike secure from foe, or fear,  
It opes to none but you and me.  
Then, seated on this bank of flowers,  
Your head upon my shoulder laid,  
We'll gaze upon this world of ours,  
By Love's young hand so sweetly made.

'T is not the river, nor the hill,  
'T is not the meadow, broad and green,  
Nor mountain wild, nor leaping rill,  
That fills for us the radiant scene.  
These are the features of our love—  
The mould in which our souls were cast,  
When, like the sunlight from above,  
They filled, as on the scene they passed.

A world within a world is this;—  
Though fashioned to the forms of earth,  
And blent with earthly things, it is  
Of love, the spiritual birth.  
That river was our silent dream,  
Yon mountain our aspiring thought,  
Our wilder moods the flashing stream,  
Our milder, this secluded spot.

Of Love's young dream the picture these,  
And though we wander far apart,  
The hand of some unconscious breeze  
Will raise the curtains of my heart;  
And I can sit and gaze as now,  
On all its loveliness and bliss,  
And tremble while upon your brow  
I print Affection's holy kiss.

A few eventful years were passed,  
And by unbroken absence changed,  
Our love grew fainter, till at last  
Our fading hearts became estranged.  
In burning hopes and wilder schemes  
I lost my heart's unsullied truth,  
And you in Love's more dazzling dreams,  
The simple purity of youth.

We vowed fidelity till death;  
But when those fatal years were gone,  
You questioned not my broken faith,  
Nor did I claim what I had won.  
Yet did we feel our plighted word  
Redeemed, for truly both had died:  
The girl, in woman's heart interred,  
The boy, in manhood's colder pride.

And though these changes are unwept,  
And we as strangers now should meet,  
In changeless truth our dream has slept,  
Secure in Memory's retreat.  
And when disgusted with the strife  
Of worldly lust and selfish art,  
We can return to fresher life  
In this blest garden of the heart.

What though in troth we both are bound  
To other hearts and other hands,  
We'll gather from this hallowed ground  
Bright flowers to deck the sacred bands.  
And on your bosom you shall wear  
Their beauty, though another's bride,  
And I will braid them in the hair  
Of her, whose path is at my side.

What though the train of noontide hours  
Are circling round us bright and calm,  
We'll wreath their brows with morning flowers  
Still fragrant in their early balm.  
And when retiring day departs,  
And shuts the portals of the west,  
We'll bind them to our weary hearts,  
And in their perfume sink to rest.

## THE TWO MISSIONARIES.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

In the Pyramids' heavy shadows,  
And by the Nile's deep flood,  
They leaned on the arm of Jesus,  
And preached to the multitude;  
Where only the ostrich and parrot  
Went by on the burning sands,  
They builded to God an altar,  
Lifting up holy hands:

But even while kneeling lowly  
At the foot of the cross to pray,  
Eternity's shadows slowly  
Stole over their pilgrim way:  
And one, with the journey weary,  
And faint with the spirit's strife,  
Fell sweetly asleep in Jesus,  
Hard by the gates of life.

O, not in Gethsemane's garden,  
And not by Genesareth's wave,  
The light, like a golden mantle,  
O'erspreadeth his lowly grave;  
But the bird of the burning desert  
Goes by with a noiseless tread,  
And the tent of the restless Arab  
Is silently near him spread.

O, could we remember only,  
Who shrink from the lightest ill,  
His sorrows, who, bruised and lonely,  
\*Wrought on in the vineyard still:  
Surely the tale of sorrow  
Would fall on the mourner's breast,  
Hushing, like oil on the waters,  
The troubled wave to rest.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

AYTOUN'S LAYS OF THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS.\*

THE man who, in the present day, sits down to write a ballad, undertakes perhaps, the most difficult task in poetry. His story must be picturesque —his passion or pathos simple, direct, and strong —his language clear, natural, unstudied ; and the accessories of his picture, all that gives local coloring, and marks the characteristics of time, must be suggested without visible effort. But, above all, he must forget himself, and all that is peculiar to his own time. He must be as completely sunk in his subject as the dramatist. His characters must be shown, not described ; and, as he has less space to work, not a word may be thrown away. The poetry must be that of situation, incident, or passion, and as little the poetry of mere expression as may be. A ballad should be the musical expression of the circumstances and emotions of the story, as it might have been rendered by the strong sympathy of a poetical nature living in the time in which the story is laid. It is in wanting this quality that nearly all modern ballads fail. They are not so much poetry in stories, as stories in poetry. The writer is not lost in his subject, but is looking at it. His characters do not speak as they would speak under the given circumstances, but as he fancies they would have spoken ; and the narrator or minstrel's own commentaries, or fillings-in of the picture, are more often those of an antiquarian or a critic, than of the sympathetic chronicler of those

Old, unhappy far-off things,  
And battles long ago,

which form the appropriate theme of all genuine ballad poetry.

The Germans far surpass us in this art. Goethe's "Bride of Corinth," the richest and most picturesque of all modern ballads, chanted in music of the most exquisite beauty, is, to our minds, the model of what a modern ballad should be. Placed in a classic time and country, it nevertheless needs no classical knowledge to enjoy it ; although the scholar may alone, perhaps, be able to feel its recondite beauties, or appreciate the skill and knowledge that have gone to produce so harmonious and truthful a picture. The story is told as if the incidents were reflected from a mirror, and the interest rises gradually and steadily to the last verse of the poem. We forget the poet in his fiction, and when we lay down the book, the quickened pulse and shortened breath remind us how thoroughly the passion of the characters has possessed us.

Schiller is only second to Goethe. His "Fight with the Dragon," "Fridolin," "Cranes of Ibycus," and "The Diver," comprise the best qualities of the old ballads, with something which they

had not, in a higher moral strain and wider range of view. Many of Uhland's ballads are perfect in the simplicity and depth of their pathos, and in that invaluable quality of suggestiveness, without which no poem of this class can claim a high station. The noble ballads of Wilhelm Müller, on themes connected with the revolutionary war in Greece, possess a character of martial fervor, a passionate strength of feeling, and a loveliness of cadence peculiar to themselves, and which have not, we think, been sufficiently appreciated. Besides these, there are Teutonic bardlings, whose name is Legion, who have made permanent additions to the stock of genuine ballad poetry.

How stands the case with our modern English writers ? We do not speak of ballads of humor. In these, England may be backed against the field. Cowper, Southey, Hook, Hood, Ingoldsby, our friend and contributor Bon Gaultier, and some or one of the writers in *Punch*, not to mention others, have distanced all rivals. But what have we to show in serious ballad poetry ? Goldsmith's "Edwin and Emma" will certainly not help to maintain our national character ; and between him and Coleridge we can remember nothing. "The Ancient Mariner" and the "Genevieve" are, indeed, something to show. Wordsworth's ballads are beautiful, but they want the movement and the pure pathos of the true ballad. Their pathos is reflective, not sympathetic. Neither Byron nor Moore have written a ballad, nor could they have written one with success. They are both too artificial. And Tennyson and Miss Barrett, who have published ballads of a high order of merit, have, however, overlaid them by redundancy both of reflection and imagery. Macaulay, in his "Battle of Ivry," and the fine fragment on the "Armada," has come nearer the true ballad tone than any of his compeers. These poems fill the eyes with pictures, and the heart with emotion. In reading the one, we follow the white plume of Henry of Navarre into the thickest of the fray—

Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen  
of France,  
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the  
lance !

And we fancy ourselves shouting, "Remember Saint Bartholomew ! " and cutting down the "brood of false Lorraine" by the dozen, as though we had the massacre of father, wife, child and kindred to avenge. So in the "Armada," we are out into the market-place with the first alarm—Yonder

With his white hair unbonneted the stout old sheriff comes ;  
Behind him march the halberdiers—before him sound the drums ;  
His yeoman round the market-cross make clear an ample space,  
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.  
And haughty the trumpets peal, and gayly dance the bells,  
And slow upon the laboring wind the royal blazon swells.

\* "The Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers and other Poems." By William Edmondstone Aytoun, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons. 1849.

Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,  
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.  
So glared he when, at Agincourt, in wrath he turned to bay.  
And crushed and torn beneath his feet the princely hunters lay.  
Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knights—Ho! scatter flowers, fair maids;  
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute—Ho! gallants, draw your blades!  
Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her wide,  
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride!

These ballads have a vital interest and a truth of coloring, the want of which is fatal to the same author's "Lays of Rome;" and yet, with all their excellence, they are more remarkable, perhaps, for rhetorical fervor than for true poetical glow. But the Roman Lays have *only* rhetorical fervor and brilliancy of description to recommend them. All must have felt, for example, the absurdity of Icilius' addressing the Roman populace in a speech of some fifty lines, when the outrage is threatened to his betrothed Virginia. Men's words are few and terrible at such a crisis. Two lines could have done the work far better than fifty, and they *would* have done it in the verses of a true poet. But here, as in all these lays, it is

## MACAULAY.

And in the nights of winter,  
When the cold north winds blow,  
And the long howling of the wolves  
Is heard amidst the snow;  
When round the lonely cottage  
Roars loud the tempest's din,  
And the good logs of Algidus  
Roar louder yet within;  
When the oldest cask is opened,  
And the largest lamp is lit;  
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,  
And the kid turns on the spit;  
When young and old in circle  
Around the fireside close,  
When the girls are weaving baskets,  
And the lads are shaping bows;  
When the goodman mends his armor,  
And turns his helmet's plume;  
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily  
Goes flashing through the loom;  
With weeping and with laughter,  
Still is the story told,  
How well Horatius kept the bridge  
In the brave days of old!

Macaulay has had many imitators. For instance, Lord John Manners struck the lyric shell with a kind of kid-gloved ferocity, and Frenchmen and Roundheads bit the dust in his verses by the score, till Thackeray, the prince of satirists, caught up the note, and showed that this drawing-room Tyrteus was, in fact, a very innocent and very absurd verse-spinner, and the voice of the minstrel has since been dumb in the land. The Honorable G. S. Smythe, in his "Historic Fancies," gave golden promise. He knew how to

apparent that they are not what they profess to be—those of a Roman addressed to Romans—but the toilsome effort of an accomplished scholar, re-creating the forms, fashions, architecture, and localities of Rome, its suburbs, and its people, and connecting these multifarious objects by the threads of the story, which, in place of being paramount, is only subordinate. Let the reader imagine a tale of English chivalry told in a strain corresponding to that of the "Horatius," or "The Battle of the Lake Regillus," and he will at once see how untrue these lays are to their character of Roman ballads. For example, what bard ever would inform his hearers that it was the practice in his and their country to sing the praises of his hero, as is done by Macaulay, in the very picturesque lines at the close of the "Horatius?" He is singing their praises himself, and they would not thank him for such intelligence, or for a description of the circle in which he and they are sitting at the time. To put this in a clearer light, we place the lines in question side by side with an imitation of them in Bon Gaultier's "Lay of Mr. Colt," and ask our readers which is the more absurd—a Roman singing to Romans like Macaulay, or an American singing to Kentuckians like his satirist? They are both, it seems to us, equally picturesque; indeed, the parodist is the more so of the two:

## BON GAULTIER.

And when the lamp is lighted  
In the long November days,  
And lads and lasses mingle  
At shucking of the maize;  
When pies of smoking pumpkin  
Upon the table stand,  
And bowls of black molasses  
Go round from hand to hand;  
When slap-jacks, maple-sugared,  
Are hissing in the pan,  
And cider, with a dash of gin,  
Foams in the social can;  
When the goodman whets his whistle,  
And the goodwife scolds the child,  
And the girls exclaim, convulsively,  
"Have done, or I'll be riled!"  
When the loafer sitting next them  
Attempts a sly caress,  
And whispers, "Oh, you 'possum,  
You've fixed my heart, I guess!"  
With laughter and with weeping,  
Then shall they tell the tale,  
How Colt his foeman quartered,  
And died within the jail!

strike the high chivalrous tone of the knights and cavaliers of old. But politics have apparently stifled the muse of song, and "The Death of Mary of Scots" stands the solitary triumph of his skill.

Ireland, in these latter years, has not been idle. The names of Griffin, Davis, Ferguson, M'Carthy, Carleton, Duffy, and others, are linked to ballads of which any country may be proud, and which must live. The "Sir Turlough" of Carleton is perhaps the most successful legendary ballad of

modern times ; and although his reputation rested upon that ballad alone, the author might count upon that lasting fame which would now be so readily accorded to those nameless bards, whose lays will move our tears and stir our hearts, as long as the language in which they wrote is the language of living men.

Scotland is peculiarly the country of ballad-poetry, and even now, despite the Free Kirk and the blight of useful knowledge, the old passion lives in her valleys and homesteads. Turn where you will, the country affords the scene of some "localized romance," some tale of faery or of crime, of hapless love or peerless daring. Its history, above all, is luminous with incidents and men, such as the poet loves to dwell upon. The characters, action, and scenery, are there ready to his hand, and he is sure of the sympathies of a numerous audience, if he possess the power to enter into the soul of knight or lady, of peasant or damsels, and to enrich the voice of nature and feeling with numerous verse.

Professor Aytoun has appreciated the wealth of his country's history in themes for the historical ballad. He has done well to forego the easier praise of adding to the already too numerous band of poets of mere personal emotion, or, what is worse, of versified reflections. He has spared the public pocket handkerchief the tears of sympathetic woe, wisely agreeing with Shakspeare—

That now 't is stale to sigh, to weep and groan,  
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan ;

and as Wordsworth and Mrs. Hemans have used up the poetical capabilities of cowslips and daffodillies, he does not invite us to philosophize over these and other botanical curiosities. That Professor Aytoun can move tears as well as laughter, in the lighter forms of poetry, as well as prose, whenever he pleases, the readers of *Blackwood's Magazine* have frequent occasion to know. But in the volume now before us, he puts forth a sustained power, which, in our estimation, places him in the foremost rank of the poets of his time. His lays combine the best qualities of Macaulay and of William Müller. They have all the historic truth and picturesque force of the former, with all the poetic fire and stately march of the latter.

We feel, in reading these lays, that we are dealing, not with shadows, but with living men. We are swept back into the stirring times of old, when brave hearts and high souls declared themselves in brave deeds—when honor, self-denial, devotion, were living things—when patriotism and loyalty were active principles, and the worship of mammon had not shrivelled up the souls of men into self-seeking and sordid pride. We thank the poet who elevates our soul by a noble thought—by a delineation of some generous and lofty nature, woven from the visions of his own brain. We doubly thank him, who links noble thoughts and noble deeds with some great historic name—who places the hero living before us, till we can read his eye, and hear his voice, and be swayed by his in-

fluence. But, above all, do we thank him, when he rescues some great name from dishonor, and drowns the slander forever in the torrent of our sympathies. This Professor Aytoun has done for two of the noblest, yet most misrepresented, names in Scottish annals. "The Execution of Montrose," and "The Burial March of Dundee," are tributes of historical as well as of poetical justice to the two men of all others the most conspicuous for chivalrous virtue in the annals of modern Europe.

Nothing can be more graphic than the former of these poems. An old Highlander is telling the tale of the Great Marquis' death to his grandson :—

A traitor sold him to his foes—  
Oh, deed of deathless shame !  
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet  
With one of Assynt's name—  
Be it upon the mountain side,  
Or yet within the glen,  
Stand he in martial gear alone,  
Or backed by armed men—  
Face him as thou wouldest face the man  
Who wronged thy sire's renown,  
Remember of what blood thou art,  
And strike the caitiff down !

They brought him to the Watergate,  
Hard bound with hempen span,  
As though they held a lion there,  
And not a 'fenceless man.  
They set him high upon a cart—  
The hangman rode below—  
They drew his hands behind his back,  
And bared his noble brow.  
Then as a hound is slipped from leash,  
They cheered the common throng,  
And blew the note with yell and shout,  
And bade him pass along.

It would have made a brave man's heart  
Grow sick and sad that day,  
To watch the keen, malignant eyes  
Bent down on that array.  
There stood the whig West-country lords  
In balcony and bow—  
There sat their gaunt and withered dames  
And their daughters all a-row ;  
And every open window  
Was full, as full might be,  
With black-robed covenanting carles,  
That goodly sport to see.

But when he came, though pale and wan,  
He looked so great and high,  
So noble was his manly front,  
So calm his steadfast eye—  
The rabble rout forbore to shout,  
And each man held his breath,  
For well they knew the hero's soul  
Was face to face with death.  
And then a mournful shudder  
Through all the people crept,  
And some that came to scoff at him,  
Now turned aside and wept.

We must pass the description of his progress up the Canongate, the scene in the Parliament-house, where his death sentence is read, and his noble

address to the "perjured traitors" there, and come to the execution of the sentence:—

Ah, God ! that ghastly gibbet !  
How dismal 't is to see  
The great tall spectral skeleton,  
The ladder, and the tree !  
Hark ! hark ! it is the clash of arms—  
The bells begin to toll—  
He is coming ! he is coming !  
God's mercy on his soul !  
One last long peal of thunder,  
The clouds are cleared away,  
And the glorious sun once more looks down  
Amidst the dazzling day.

He is coming ! he is coming !  
Like a bridegroom from his room,  
Came the hero from his prison  
To the scaffold and the doom.  
There was glory on his forehead,  
There was lustre in his eye  
And he never walked to battle  
More proudly than to die :  
There was color in his visage,  
Though the cheeks of all were wan,  
And they marvelled as they saw him pass,  
That great and goodly man !

He mounted up the scaffold,  
And he turned him to the crowd ;  
But they dared not trust the people,  
So he might not speak aloud.  
But he looked upon the heavens,  
And they were clear and blue,  
And in the liquid ether  
The eye of God shone through ;  
Yet a black and murky battlement  
Lay resting on the hill,  
And though the thunder slept within,  
All else was calm and still.

The grim Geneva ministers  
With anxious scowl drew near,  
As you have seen the ravens flock  
Around the dying deer.  
He would not deign them word nor sign,  
But alone he bent the knee,  
And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace,  
Beneath the gallows-tree.  
Then radiant and serene he rose,  
And cast his cloak away :  
For he had ta'en the latest look  
Of earth, and sun, and day.

A beam of light fell o'er him,  
Like a glory round the shrunken,  
And he climbed the lofty ladder,  
As it were the path to heaven.  
Then came a flash from out the cloud,  
And a stunning thunder roll,  
And no man dared to look aloft,  
For fear was on every soul.  
There was another heavy sound,  
A hush, and then a groan ;  
And darkness swept across the sky—  
The work of death is done !

There is not one circumstance in this ballad which is not derived from contemporary memoirs, and a stronger proof that reality is superior to fiction could hardly be desired. But not less is the poet's skill to be admired, who has selected, and

so happily arranged the striking aspects of his subject into a picture so august and impressive. It will not have escaped the reader to observe with what art the ignoble manner of the hero's death is managed. It seems to be veiled from the reader as it was from the spectator:—

He did not dare to look aloft,  
For fear was on every soul.  
There was another heavy sound,  
A hush, and then a groan ;  
And darkness swept across the sky—  
The work of death is done !

The character of the olden Scotch ballads has been finely caught in the poem on "The Heart of the Bruce," founded on the incident of Sir James Douglas' death, in an action with the Moors on the borders of Andalusia, while on his way to Jerusalem, to deposit the heart of Robert Bruce in the holy sepulchre. A vision of the night, which is introduced with great effect, has warned Sir James that his mission will not be fulfilled. He and his hundred knights still hold on their way:—

And aye we sailed, and aye we sailed,  
Across the weary sea,  
Until one morn the coast of Spain  
Rose grimly on our lee.

And as we rounded to the port,  
Beneath the watch-tower's wall,  
We heard the clash of the atabals,  
And the trumpet's wavering call.

" Why sounds yon Eastern music here,  
So wantonly and long,  
And whose the crowd of armed men  
That round yon standard throng ?

" The Moors have come from Africa,  
To spoil, and waste, and slay ;  
And King Alonzo of Castile  
Must fight with them to-day."

" Now shame it were," cried good Lord James,  
" Shall never be said of me,  
That I and mine have turned aside  
From the cross in jeopardie !

" Have down, have down, my merry men all—  
Have down into the plain ;  
We'll let the Scottish lion loose  
Within the fields of Spain !"

\* \* \* \* \*  
" I know thy name full well, Lord James,  
And honored may I be,  
That those who fought beside the Bruce,  
Should fight this day for me !

" Take thou the leading of the van,  
And charge the Moors amain ;  
There is not such a lance as thine  
In all the host of Spain !"

The Douglas turned towards us then,  
Oh, but his glance was high !—  
" There is not one of all my men,  
But is as bold as I.

" There is not one of all my men  
But bears as true a spear—  
Then onwards, Scottish gentlemen,  
And think King Robert's here !"

The trumpets blew, the crossbolts flew,  
The arrows flashed like flame,  
As spur in side, and spear in rest,  
Against the foe we came.

And many a bearded Saracen  
Went down, both horse and man,  
For through their ranks we rode like corn,  
So furiously we ran!

But in behind our path they closed,  
Though fain to let us through,  
For they were forty thousand men,  
And we were wondrous few.

We might not see a lance's length,  
So dense was their array,  
But the long fell sweep of the Scottish blade  
Still held them hard at bay.

"Make in! make in!" Lord Douglas cried,  
"Make in, my brethren dear!  
Sir William of Saint Clair is down;  
We may not leave him here!"

But thicker, thicker grew the swarm,  
And sharper shot the rain,  
And the horses reared amid the press,  
But they could not charge again.

"Now, Jesu help thee!" said Lord James,  
"Thou kind and true Saint Clair!  
An' if I may not bring thee off,  
I'll die beside thee there!"

Then in his stirrups up he stood,  
So lion-like and bold,  
And held the precious heart aloft,  
All in its case of gold.

He flung it from him, far ahead,  
And never spake he more,  
But—"Pass thee first, thou dauntless heart,  
As thou were wont of yore!"

The roar of fight rose fiercer yet,  
And heavier still the stour,  
Till the spears of Spain came shivering in,  
And swept away the Moor!

"Now praise be God, the day is won!  
They fly o'er flood and fell—  
Why dost thou draw the rein so hard,  
Good knight, that fought so well?"

"Oh, ride you on, Lord King," he said,  
"And leave the dead to me,  
For I must keep the dreariest watch  
That ever I shall dree!"

"There lies, beside his master's heart,  
The Douglas, stark and grim;  
And woe is me I should be here,  
Not side by side with him!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The king, he lighted from his horse,  
He flung his brand away,  
And took the Douglas by the hand,  
So stately as he lay.

"God give thee rest, thou valiant soul,  
That fought so well for Spain;  
I'd rather half my land were gone,  
So thou wert here again."

\* \* \* \* \*

This is a ballad Scott would have rejoiced in, till the tears of passion started into his eyes. It is to such ballads we would have our sons attune

their hearts. They would then be sure, when struck, to return a noble ring.

Gladly would we linger on this volume, if our space permitted, and enrich our pages with other strains of its spirit-stirring poetry, and the scarcely less stirring prose with which it is illustrated. But we have cited enough, we trust, to induce our readers to apply to the volume itself. Indeed, we cannot doubt that it will soon be a familiar guest on the tables of all lovers of fresh and vigorous poetry, and these are now a body numerous enough to satisfy the desires of either poet or publisher. Without further comment, therefore, we conclude, and place this volume upon our shelves, amid the royal and noble band of true poets, who daily draw from us our "blessings and eternal praise."

From the New Monthly Magazine.

#### SUPERNATURAL BEINGS.

From essences unseen, celestial names,  
Enlight'ning spirits, and ministerial flames,  
Lift we our reason to that sovereign Cause,  
Who blessed the whole with life.

PRIOR.

COMMON as is the opinion that the laws of nature are immutable, a very superficial inquiry will prove that the axiom must be received with large exceptions and restrictions. We may presume the stars to have been formed and fixed in accordance with some general law; yet several, even in modern times, have followed the lost Pleiad, while new ones have appeared; and as to the earth we inhabit, it seems to have been governed by no rule but that of incessant change, though these mutations may, probably, be in accordance with some comprehensive and final scheme, the tendency of which we cannot even conjecture. Judging, however, by what we see and know, we should be justified in affirming that the distinguishing characteristic of nature is her constant inconstancy, her endless transformations, her almost capricious abandonment of old forms, and her substitution of novelties in inexhaustible and infinite variety. Geological investigations and the exhumation of tropical products in polar regions lead to the conclusion that there must have been a change in the position of the earth with reference to the sun; we know that sea and land have been, and still are, constantly changing places; while numerous fossil remains, those God-written revelations of an earlier world, incontestably prove that the whole Fauna and Flora of that period, with all their boundless and marvellous varieties, have passed away to be succeeded by new organizations equal in the diversity though not in the stupendous magnitude of their forms. It would seem, in fact, as if the process of creation had never ceased, and that the gradual extinction of nature's old offspring became necessary, in order to afford room for the new families which the prolific mother is constantly bringing forth. Even in our own days the Dodo and the Apterix Australis are said to have become extinct; is it irrational to conclude that other beings have been called into existence to supply their place and participate in

the enjoyment of life? Why may not every day be the birthday of a new animal or vegetable? For my part, whenever I contemplate a flower or a quadruped recently imported from the antipodes, and affirmed to be a fresh discovery, the suggestion that it may be a fresh creation, that it may have just been consecrated by the touch of nature's plastic hand, that it may be a new present from heaven to earth, exalts and hallows my admiration by infusing into it a feeling of reverence. The remark, that an undevout astronomer must be mad, is equally applicable to an irreligious naturalist.

Of the formative power and infinite inventiveness displayed in the fossil Flora a faint notion may be formed, when we state that 300 species of plants have already been discovered in the coal formations of Great Britain alone, extraordinary in their configurations, and exceeding the luxuriance of the present equatorial climes. Several of these, engraved in the 124th number of the "Art-Journal," show that the plants and flowers of the by-gone world, and whose odors are now extinct, must have rivalled in elegance and variety the most beautiful existing products of our forests, fields, and gardens!

Still more signally do recent discoveries attest the prodigality of nature in the ancient insect world. "Recent microscopical investigations," writes the celebrated Dr. Mantell, "have shown that a large proportion of our rocks and strata are composed of animalcules, millions of which are contained in a cubic inch of stone." And it has been ascertained, by the same accurate observer, that the chalk formation which constitutes so large a portion of the earth's crust, is an enormous aggregation of shells, so minute as to be singly invisible to the unassisted eye, though his microscope empowered him to trace, classify, and delineate them with perfect accuracy. Of these once-living atoms many varieties are detected, and nothing can be more graceful and diversified than the outlines and markings which they present. As we know that everything living is doomed to die, so may we now affirm that the whole superficies of the inanimate earth has once been alive, and that its different strata are a succession of countless catacombs. Yes—this fair globe with its over-arching sky is but a vast sepulchral vault. We live, and move, and have our being in a burial-ground, whose walls are the horizon, and the depths of whose crowded graves have not yet been fathomed; and this world-cemetery is made beautiful and glorious, and its dust and ashes revivified by the fertilizing processes of decay and death. From generation to generation we

See dying vegetables life sustain,  
See life dissolving vegetate again.

Nor does nature, in more recent eras, appear to have experienced the least exhaustion from the incessant exertion of her plastic inventions and undiminished fecundity. The hydro-oxygen microscope has revealed to us a crowd of animalcules in a drop of ditch-water; as many, but of totally dif-

ferent genera, have been detected in an equal quantity of sea-water; earth is not less lavish of her vitality now than in the vigor of her younger cycles. Who can see the mysterious and magnificent boon of life conferred upon such myriads of animalcules, for unquestionable purposes of enjoyment, and not feel as deeply impressed by the beneficence as by the power of the Creator?

Blind and benighted as we are, how can we duly appreciate the infinite range and inventiveness of the divine mind, when it is probable that we know not a moiety, perhaps not a tithe, of the creation, the bounds of which are undergoing a constant enlargement in every direction with the improvement of our optical instruments? Astronomers find reason to conjecture that our solar system occupies a very subordinate station in the stupendous scheme of the universe, and that the unpenetrated vastitudes of space may be illumined by other suns, surrounded by planets of greater magnitude, and teeming with more profuse vitality than our own. One more advance in telescopic art, and a revelation of new celestial worlds may burst upon our astonished vision; while a correspondent improvement of our microscopes may disclose to us myriads of fresh animalcules still more minute and various than any from which we have uplifted the veil that rendered them previously invisible. The imagination loses itself until "function is smothered in surmise," as we attempt to follow out the results involved in these bewildering conceptions.

To account for the miraculous precision with which such stupendous creations are regulated, it has been suggested that the infinitudes of time and space may constitute the sensorium of the Deity, whose omnipresence, combined with omnipotence and omniscience, will afford some clue to a mystery avowedly inscrutable, but the solution of which we may reverently attempt to guess. A grand idea—so grand, indeed, that in the difficulty of bringing it down to the level of human apprehension, it has found only a very limited acceptance. From the paramount, the inconceivable magnitude and importance of the operations constantly claiming the exercise of the divine mind, men hesitated to believe that its powers required to be simultaneously exerted upon all the petty details of each inhabited planet, upon the minute distinctions in the genera of an animalcule, or the varieties in the form and coloring of a weed. Reasoning from the analogy of human governments, they imagined, that while the supreme autocratic authority directed and upheld the grander arrangements of the universe, the management of its inferior processes was delegated to subordinate ministers, whose various natures and attributes were adapted to the different duties with which they were intrusted. This notion, in the abstract, presents nothing irrational, nothing inconsistent with the divine power and supremacy. Remarkable is the fact, that all nations, in ancient as well as modern times, have believed in the existence of supernatural beings, who exercised a direct influence upon mundane affairs, and whose functions

rendered them the coadjutors, or, to speak more reverently, the agents of the Deity.

Though there is nothing irreligious in this creed, it has led to a variety of fantastical and even impious superstitions. That the stars, those bright sentinels stationed around the throne of the Supreme, were also, though in a subordinate degree, administrators of his decrees, and exercised a direct influence upon human affairs, found wide credence in a very early age of the world, until it assumed a regular form, under the designation of Astrology. This science of knaves for the deception of fools was divided into two branches, natural and judicial, the former regulating the physical effects of nature, the latter having reference to moral events, and enduing its possessors, as they pretended, with a prophetic power. Superstitions have a marvellous tenacity of life, and simpletons are still found who believe that the stars of their nativity are the inexorable Fates, who decide their whole future destiny—a comfortable doctrine in one respect, since it enables them to plead, in extenuation of their own follies and vices, that "Their stars are more in fault than they."

At a very early age, however, the spirit of Fatalism descended from the sky, and received incarnation either in an animal or human form. From a supposed analogy between certain productions of nature and some of their subordinate deities, the ancient Egyptian priests consecrated these objects, and such types were addressed by the vulgar as symbolized divinities, just as in other countries pictures and statues receive the homage which should be reserved for the originals whom they represent. From this pregnant fount of idolatry sprang the twenty thousand deities of Greece and Rome, who were, nevertheless, supposed to be the representatives of one supreme authority, by which they were deputed to superintend the various departments of nature, animate and inanimate, human, animal, and vegetable. So numerous an army of celestials could not only afford tutelary and administrative guardians for hills and dales, fountains, woods, and seas, but could supply a supernatural resident, under the title of the *Genius Loci*, for each individual locality.

Northern nations, borrowing their mythology mostly from the Orientals, can lay little claim to originality; but the invention of those fanciful beings, the sylphs and gnomes, which supplied the beautiful machinery for Pope's "Rape of the Lock," is attributed to the Rosicrucian philosophers,\* who spread themselves over Germany towards the close of the sixteenth century. They maintained the existence of various ranks of supernaturals, divided into the two orders we have named, to whom separate and specific duties were assigned, the former executing their pleasant and beneficent offices as they hover in the air, while the latter often discharge their less amiable functions in mines and other depths of the subterranean world. In such abodes the "Swart Fairy

of the Mine" is still believed to exercise a favoring or malign influence in the revealment or secretion of the ore.

From the Peri of the Arabs, and other Orientals, has sprung the fantastical creation of our fairies, to whom we are indebted for the charming and exquisitely romantic machinery of Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." Even these imaginary sprites are supposed to be ministers of a higher power, and to perform a duty somewhat analogous to that of the Grecian nymphs who presided over woods, mountains, and springs. Fairy genealogies are difficult to trace, but we cannot help suspecting that the *Puck*, or *Robin Goodfellow*, who still haunts our villages, may be a dwarfed descendant from the Agatho-demon of Socrates. The tiny elves, whose dances were supposed to make magic circles in the grass, were generally considered subservient to a superior authority, and to perform duties similar to those rendered to Prospero by Ariel, whose office it was, when so commanded, "to tread the ooze of the salt deep—to run upon the sharp wind of the north—to do business in the veins of the earth—to dive into the fire—to ride on the curled clouds—to fetch dew from the still vexed Bermoothes."

Though we may reject the forms, the qualities, and functions of these various existences, as the vain phantasy of poets, dreamers, and visionaries, there is nothing irrational in the supposition that intelligent and invisible beings, ancillary to the subordinate purposes of the Divinity, are perpetually hovering around us. We have scriptural authority, indeed, for the existence of millions of angels, whose names of thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers, suggest an order among them, though we know not its nature; and of whose interference in human affairs very numerous instances are supplied by the pages of holy writ. Some have thought that every kingdom, every element, every individual, is under the ministration of a guardian angel—a salutary and hallowing belief, which cannot be disproved, though it may not have sacred warrant for its support. Sterne's beautiful fancy about Uncle Toby's oath may have been more than a pious conjecture; it may have been literally true, that "when the Accusing Angel flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, let fall a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever." Traditions of the Rabbis, assigning very undignified occupations to some of the fallen angels, who are allowed to infest the earth, relate that Asael, having engaged in an amour with Naamah, the wife of Ham, and continuing impenitent, is condemned still to preside over the women's toilets; a manifest prefiguration of the sylphs, who performed a similar office for Pope's Belinda.

Well would it be if we could persuade ourselves that spiritual emissaries and invisible agents encompassed us round about, that we stood in the constant presence of unseen witnesses, specially commissioned to follow us like living shadows, to take note of all our truant wanderings, to be plant-

\* A name said to be derived from the arms of Luther, which were a cross placed upon a rose.

ed as sentinels at the portals of our lips, and commit all that passes them to their indelible tablets! Gentle, but, perchance, not altogether impeccable, Reader! you start at the thought of having all your unguarded utterances registered and perpetuated, for "conscience doth make cowards of us all;" but presently recovering your self-possession, you dismiss the thought as a mere bugbear of the imagination. Be it so: away with the fear of these supernatural eaves-droppers; let the earth hide them! But are you sure that nature, by one of her laws, has not subjected you to a tell-tale apparatus, giving an unlimited and irrepressible echo to every syllable you utter? Plunge your hand into the English channel, and you raise the level of the sea, however imperceptibly, at the Cape of Good Hope. Plunge an exclamation into silence, and you disturb silence at the extremities of the universe, if there be any truth in the theory of Dr. Babbage, that as sound is communicated and renewed by perpetual undulations of the air, it never dies, becoming gradually audible in the distances of space, as it ceases to be heard at the point of its original emission. Oh! if all our oaths and imprecations, all our angry and uncharitable outbursts, all our expressions of falsehood, folly, and ribaldry, have been constantly carried on the wings of air, in all their unabated sinfulness and loudness, to the throne of heaven, I know not how we could evince a proper sense of our past utterances, except by the future and constant reiteration of the word—"pardon! pardon!"

From the Transcript.

#### HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

In your paper is an extract from an article in the London Examiner upon the late Hartley Coleridge, bestowing no more than his due meed of praise upon a man of fine powers, with whom "the stage darkened ere the curtain fell." It was my fortune to make the acquaintance of Mr. Coleridge, during a visit of a few days at Ambleside, in the month of September last, and it may not be without interest to your readers to hear immediately of a man with such personal and inherited claims to observation and regard. He lived in a small cottage on the banks of the lake of Grasmere, about a mile from the residence of Wordsworth, in the midst of a region of singular beauty and grandeur, "meet nurse for a poetic child." His life was that of a recluse, mostly divided between solitary walks and solitary studies. He seemed to have no personal relations with the families of the gentlemen resident in the neighborhood, and he rarely crossed the path of the tourists who at certain seasons of the year swarmed like autumnal leaves in that lovely region. This arose from no inherent unsocialness of nature, but more than anything else, from the consciousness of his unfortunate habits, and the sting of self-reproach which they left behind. These habits were a matter of general notoriety, and it is no violation of the honor due to the dead,

to allude to them. What were his motives and inducements to yield to an enemy which robbed him of the fairest prizes of life, I know not; but I cannot but think that his peculiar personal appearance had something to do with it.

His head was large and expressive, with dark eyes and white waving locks, and resting upon broad shoulders, with the smallest possible apology for a neck. To a sturdy and ample frame were appended legs and arms of a most disproportioned shortness, and "in his whole aspect, there was something indescribably elfish and grotesque, such as limners do not love to paint, nor ladies to look upon. He reminded you of a spy-glass shut up, and you wanted to take hold of him and pull him out into a man of goodly proportions and average stature. It was difficult to repress a smile at his appearance as he approached, for the elements were so quaintly combined in him that he seemed like one of Cowley's conceits translated into flesh and blood. Personal defects may be set aside in various ways. Commonplace natures become insensible to them from mere obtuseness of feeling. A great man rises disdainfully above them. A meek and self-renouncing spirit bears them gently and serenely. But poor Coleridge was none of these. He was clever, ambitious and aspiring, of a sensitive organization, seeking to be loved, honored and esteemed, but not endowed with those great original powers which win without effort and subdue without strife. Without knowing anything about it, I have no question that the consciousness of personal defects, which is an element so noticeable in the poetry of Pope, had its influences upon the life of Hartley Coleridge, and made him offer less resistance to the assaults and temptations of an inherited tendency.

His manners were like those of men accustomed to live much alone, simple, frank and direct, but not in all respects governed by the rules of conventional politeness. It was difficult for him to sit still. He was constantly leaving his chair, walking about the room and then sitting down again, as if he were haunted by an incurable restlessness. His conversation was very interesting, and marked by a vein of quiet humor, not found in his writings. He spoke with much deliberation and in regularly constructed periods, which might have been printed without any alteration. There was a peculiarity in his voice not easily described. He would begin a sentence in a sort of subdued tone, hardly above a whisper, and end it in something between a bark and a growl. I recall a few of his remarks, which may serve to illustrate his style of conversation, though such things lose half their flavor without the characteristic looks and tones of the speaker. I had been with a party of friends to see a church in the neighborhood, very beautifully situated, but occupied on Sunday by a very dull preacher. This happened to be on Tuesday. "Tuesday," said Mr. Coleridge, "is a very good day to see — Church," in a very quiet tone, as if making an obvious remark. But, as it did not convey its

own interpretation, some one asked why Tuesday was a good day. "Tuesday," rejoined Mr. C., "is a very good day for that purpose; so is Wednesday; so is Thursday; any day but Sunday."

Speaking of a gentleman who was head of one of the colleges at Oxford during the period of his own residence in the university as an undergraduate, he said that "He was a man remarkable for the ill which he did not do." Of another person connected with one of the universities, he said, "He is a compound of discordant defects. He is at once a sycophant and a bully; an aristocrat and no gentleman." Of King George III. he said that he "had chosen his wife so that no man should by him be tempted to break that part of the tenth commandment which forbids us to covet our neighbor's wife."

He cherished his father's memory with the greatest reverence, and listened to me with marked pleasure when I told him how many readers and admirers that great man had in our country. He seemed grateful for kindness and sympathy, but never to exact them. He appeared conscious that he had in a great measure cut himself off from society by his unfortunate habits, and this feeling threw over his manners an air of self-distrust and depreciation which was somewhat touching. He seemed bowed down by the weight of his wrong doing, and all severity of censure was disarmed by the attitude of entire non-resistance which he assumed. It is cruel to wound one already bleeding from the shaft of self-reproach. Over his foibles the charitable veil of death is now drawn, and his broken and imperfect life has passed away to mingle with that which is spiritual and eternal. Let him who has never fallen look with tenderness and compassion upon the grave of Hartley Coleridge and pray that in that better world his soul may find the peace which was denied him here.

At my parting interview with him he gave me the following sonnet, which he had written after one of my conversations with him about his father:—

Sure I should love the memory of those men,  
Though they were stern of soul and sternly sure  
Of points, my weaker faith cannot endure,  
That left their urban home or rustic glen,  
Stretching o'er desert seas their hopeful ken  
To lands where savage Nature reigned secure,  
Meet temple seeking for the worship pure  
And vigorous life of Calvin, Knox and Penn—  
Sure I should love them with a filial heart,  
For where the whip-poor-will and mocking bird  
With note too human made the pilgrim start  
Not long ago, my father's voice is heard,  
His lay is sung—his lore is understood  
In newest clearings of primeval wood. G. S. H.

#### I CHARGE THEE TO REMEMBER.

BY MRS. PONSONBY.

By the rushing of the waters  
Of our native mountain streams,  
Whose music long shall mingle  
With thy haunted midnight dreams—

By the purple of those mountains—  
By the azure of that sky—  
By the everlasting shadows,  
Round the forest-trees that lie—  
By the paths we trod together,  
By the glade where first we met,  
Do I charge thee to remember  
All thou wouldest most forget.

By the softness of the morning,  
The glory of the noon—  
By the shining of the silver stars,  
The radiance of the moon—  
By the calm and tender twilight,  
The dropping summer showers—  
By the songs that glad the greenwood  
In the merry time of flowers—  
By the freshness of the greensward,  
With evening dew-drops wet,  
Do I charge thee to remember  
All thou wouldest most forget.

By the wild and wintry tempest,  
The fierce autumnal breeze—  
By the howling of the storm-blast  
O'er those frozen northern seas—  
By wind, and frost, and darkness—  
By fragrance, light and bloom—  
By summer's wreath of beauty—  
By winter's brow of gloom—  
By earth, where flowers are springing—  
By heaven, where stars are set,  
Do I bind thee to remember  
All thou wouldest most forget.

By all those happy moments  
Whose memories thrill thee now—  
Memories which dim thy downcast eyes,  
And flush thy drooping brow;  
Which quiver on thy false, false lip,  
And heave thy faithless breast,  
And long in that frail heart of thine  
Shall live in deep unrest—  
Memories beneath whose silent might  
Thy cheeks with tears are wet;  
Do I bind thee to remember  
All thou wouldest most forget.

By love with all its rapture,  
By love with all its tears,  
Its bliss so mixed with sorrow,  
Its hope so full of fears,  
Its passion and its anguish,  
Its wildness and its woe—  
By all that thou so well hast known,  
And never more mayst know—  
By the joys forever past away,  
The dreams that linger yet,  
Do I charge thee to remember  
All thou wouldest most forget.

Oh! false as thou hast been to me,  
False to thine own weak heart,  
Too deep a sadness thrills me now  
While thus, while thus we part.  
Oh! by the love which outraged,  
Doth its own vengeance bring,  
By thine own guilt and my deep wrong,  
And all our suffering,  
By weary life and welcome death,  
By shame, despair, regret,  
Do I bind thee to remember  
All thou wouldest most forget.

New Monthly Magazine.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.  
BY SEA AND LAND, TO CALIFORNIA.

Mazatlan, Feb. 15, 1849.

THE ship California, the first vessel in Messrs. Howland & Aspinwall's line of Pacific steamers, took on board her passengers on Tuesday, January 30th, and the next day dropped down to the island of Toboga, thirteen miles from Panama. This island is a conical mass of lava, of apparently no very remote origin, and towers to a height of fifteen or eighteen hundred feet. On the east side it appears as if the walls of the crater had been broken away, and a deep ravine down the side of the mountain and a narrow plain at the base had been formed by the last eruption. The ravine and the plain at its base are watered by several springs which gush from the sides of the mountain, and here, where the choicest fruits of the tropical zone grow in profusion, flourishes the little village of Toboga. The scenery is a fine combination of contrasts; the top of the mountain is a barren rock of lava; the houses at the base are scattered among luxuriant cocoa-palm, orange and mango trees, and the whole is surrounded by the calm blue waters of the sea. Having taken in provisions and water, on the morning of the 1st of February anchor was weighed, and with a flowing sheet the ship sailed down the bay of Panama; during the ensuing night we doubled Cape Mola, and the next morning found us on the waves of the Pacific. In the gulf of Tehuantepec we encountered a fresh wind, and the ship was retarded by a rough sea, during which she proved herself an excellent sea-boat. With this exception the navigation has been smooth, and the voyage quite as pleasant as could be expected with so large a number of passengers. Let me endeavor to bring before you a bird's-eye glance of the ship and her passengers during the evening. In the distance, at the east and north can be seen the dim outline of lofty mountains, showing the direction of the coast. The ship is steaming at the rate of about seven miles an hour, and as she rises and falls upon the surges, the tall spars describe wide areas between the eye and the concave above. On the narrow quarter-deck are scattered twenty-five or thirty gentlemen and ladies, some of them conversing in a low tone, but the majority enjoying in silence the cool balmy breeze which has followed the warmth of a tropical day. The light of the binnacle shows the motionless figure of the man at the wheel, and suffices with the soft radiance of the stars to give a distinct impression of every group. Just beyond the helmsman on the starboard side of the ship sits a gentleman who has long been motionless, as if absorbed in deep thought. The thick, brownish, sandy hair, the square countenance, the bright, merry, searching gray eye, and the firm, rather thick-set figure, convey the idea of an independent and intelligent mind, a kind and quiet disposition, a keen observer and (if worth the trouble) manager of men, and, when aroused, a determined and unflinching courage and an inflexible resolution. This is General Persifor F. Smith, Governor of California, com-

mander-in-chief of the forces of the United States upon the Pacific, and the highly esteemed personal friend of General Taylor.

The delicate features and black hair and eyes of the lady by his side (Mrs. Smith) show her Louisiana origin. Just beyond, on the same side of the ship, reclines a young gentleman, already an eminent merchant at San Francisco, who is connected with some of the first families in your city, where he is now returning with his lately married and interesting lady. The binnacle light shows two gentlemen in low but earnest conversation. One of them is a tall, powerful man, of about thirty-six years of age. The other possesses a more compact and smaller frame, though still a large man, and is, perhaps, three or four years older. Both are evidently energetic, intelligent, and fearless men. The former is William P. Bryant, Chief Justice of Oregon, the latter Gen. Adair, Collector of the port of Astoria. The large and agreeable family of the last named gentleman accompany him to Oregon. Several military gentlemen, with their families, four or five merchants, who are about commencing business in California, a number of foreigners, mostly from Peru and Chili, who are attracted to that country by the rumored riches of the gold regions, and two or three missionaries, constitute the residue of the group. From the quarter-deck we descend by five or six steps to the main deck. We find it difficult to cross it without stepping upon some of the numerous recumbent forms that are extended around. The awning is kept over this deck through the night, and thus sleeping accommodations are furnished for many who would otherwise be destitute. Amidship, on a mattress, reclines a gallant officer of the army, assiduously attended and fanned by that delicate lady by his side. He has been attacked by the dangerous coast fever, and owes his rapid recovery in no little measure to the kind attention of his lady, albeit unused to the denials of a sea voyage. A little beyond this sick group is another. The Rev. Mr. Douglass, of your city, was attacked with the fever at Panama, and still labors under its debilitating effects.

From the main deck we go forward. Everywhere the ship is crowded; the passages on each side of the machinery, the upper and lower forward decks, the long steerage extending from the bows far aft on both sides of the engine—all are full, and many of the berths are occupied by two passengers each. From the steerage we ascend to the deck above the machinery, and between the wheel-houses; an awning has been spread over this, and between thirty and forty persons live and sleep here. They are the lower class of Peruvians who were taken on board at Callao. The state rooms and cabins are all crowded to their utmost capacity, and of course the passengers are deprived of many of the conveniences to which they are accustomed. The writer of this article obtained his ticket very early in New York, and yet has had no berth on the ship, and neither sheet nor pillow since he left Panama, and had he not

fortunately kept his camp blanket within reach, would have been under the necessity of sleeping in his clothes during the whole voyage. Yet while this is the case, and while selfishness and even personal comfort would object to crowding the ship in such a manner, another consideration leads to the acquittal of the officers from blame. Humanity to the Americans at Panama demanded that not an individual should be refused passage, who could consistently be taken.

As an individual I might complain that my berth, for which payment had been made, was unceremoniously and without my consent taken from me; but when I considered the situation of those to whom it was given I could only be silent. It became a duty to submit to almost any inconvenience in order to assist in removing the Americans exposed to the debilitating climate, and the dangerous diseases of the Isthmus.

It is pleasant to be able to add, that the health of the passengers is generally good, and the majority of those who came on board sick have recovered, by the blessing of God upon the attentions of Dr. Stoot, our skilful surgeon.

On Friday, February 9, the ship put into Acapulco for supplies. The bay is an irregular crescent, with the entrance at one, and the city or village at the other extremity. The mountains on the outer side of the crescent are from 1500 to 2000 feet in height; those on the inner side about 500. At the anchorage the mouth of the harbor is entirely concealed from view, and it seems as if the ship had suddenly been wafted away to some quiet mountain lake. The town itself presented a very agreeable, cleanly appearance, and the inhabitants furnished a pleasant contrast to those of Chagres and even those of Panama. The Aztec origin of the larger portion of them was clearly discernible in their figures and countenances. The fine tropical scenery—a village of neat white-washed houses, interspersed among cocoa, palm, bread fruit and mango trees, and reposing at the foot of a lofty sterile mountain—was here again repeated. On a crag projecting in front, and concealing part of the town, stands a small but regular and neat fortification, now, however, much out of repair. It is reported that the Mexican government have offered the use of it to the Pacific Steam Company as a depot for coal. The old stone church, probably as ancient as the time of Cortez, has been shattered by an earthquake, and is now in ruins, and a new handsome edifice erected in the centre of the town. The "gold fever" has extended to this quiet nook in the mountains, and we found a Peruvian brig in port, chartered for San Francisco, and preparing for the numerous passengers who have engaged her.

Leaving Acapulco on Sunday afternoon, the 11th, we arrived at San Blas on Wednesday morning, the 14th. The gold excitement here is greater than in any place we have yet visited. The town

is a small, poor village, and the neighboring country is unhealthy and thinly inhabited, yet the three vessels here, the British ship Victoria, the Peruvian brig Volante, and the Mexican brig El Charto, are all engaged, and their lists are full for California. It is also asserted that a large number of Mexicans from the northern and central parts of the republic are already on the way by land.

The most exaggerated reports in regard to the great amount of gold are in general circulation. It is also said that the past winter has been very severe up the coast, an immense amount of rain having fallen, and an unusual degree of cold experienced. San Francisco has been consequently the resort of all the desperadoes who have been allured to California by this "scent of prey," and gambling and drunkenness have prevailed to an astonishing degree.

No surprise need be felt if this ship should be detained a number of weeks at San Francisco. She left Panama with barely enough coal to carry her to the above-named port, and the majority of her crew and engineers, it is expected, will desert her there. The subject is freely spoken of among the passengers, and it is understood that the ground taken by the men is, that their term of service has expired.

The line of battle ship Ohio left San Blas on the 15th inst. for California. The commodore had previously removed his flag to one of the other ships of the squadron.

It may be considered certain that until definite action is taken by Congress, the government here will not attempt to interfere or prevent the occupation of the gold region by the American emigrants; they will, however, endeavor to prevent aliens from mining, either as principals or as employees of Americans.

One word upon the subject of slavery. It would be as easy to introduce it into New York as into California. No action of Congress can decide the question; it is already decided by the impossibility of retaining slaves, by the character of the emigrants and by the pursuits of the inhabitants.

It is believed to be General Smith's intention, unless Congress should make some other provision, to require foreign vessels bringing merchandise subject to duty, either to report at some port of entry, or make some other provision by which the duty may be collected. Of course this measure will be highly approved by our intelligent merchants.

The welfare of California imperiously calls for definite action on the part of Congress. Should no action be taken this winter, and should not President Taylor suggest some other course, it is probable that a temporary provisional government may be formed, of course, however, subject to the military, unless certain ambitious aspirants should possess greater influence in California than I suppose them to have.

W.

From the Rochester Democrat.

THE MORMONS—SALT LAKE VALLEY.

We are permitted to make some interesting extracts from a letter written by the wife of Eber Kimble, one of the "Twelve Apostles," to her friends, whom some of our readers will recollect as having formerly been a resident of Mendon in this county. The immense train of some 600 wagons left Council Bluffs the 1st of June, and reached the "promised land" on the 1st of September, making the passage of some 1100 miles in about 100 travelling days.

Salt Lake Valley, Oct. 10th, 1848.

DEAR SISTER AND FRIENDS:—We are now in the Great Salt Lake Valley, which place we entered two weeks since, and were met by hundreds of men, women, and children, whose dress and manners would have done honor to your eastern cities, and so many glad hearts and cheerful countenances are not to be found in all your domains. An excellent supper was in readiness for us on our arrival, of which we cheerfully partook. Our families were all in good health. As a people we have been remarkably blessed with health on our journey, and but few accidents happened to us. One child was killed by falling from and being run over by a wagon.

We found our friends here in good health and spirits, pleasantly located in comfortable houses, and their tables loaded with the productions of their fields and gardens. Wheat seems peculiarly adapted to this valley, and garden vegetables are large and excellent. Corn, considering the disadvantages labored under, has done well.

Our brethren who have been taken from our midst to fight under our banners, whose protection hath been withdrawn from us as a people, are returning daily, laden with that which is needful to render life tolerable. A great feast was made for them on Friday, which caused great rejoicing.

I would attempt to give you a description of our valley, which has many curiosities of which to boast, such as a large salt lake, which furnishes us with an abundance of excellent salt. A sulphur spring, a warm spring, and a spring of sufficient heat to cook an egg; all within a short distance of each other. I think our warm spring for bathing far exceeds the Ballston and Saratoga waters. The spring proceeds from the base of an exceeding high mountain, through an aperture about 18 inches in diameter, and of that heat that it requires us to go into it by degrees, as you put your feet in hot water. After bathing in it for a season, I felt my flesh and strength renewed, and I could say that the angel of health was there, as at the pool in former days.

We are located upon a soil that is excellent; surrounded by mountains which, at all seasons of the year, are capped with snow, and to me seem like a sufficient barrier to protect us henceforth from the hands of our oppressors.

Our journey to this place has been long, but not tedious until we came into the mountains, when we found the roads bad, and the weather cold and stormy. Previous to this, it appeared more like a pleasure-party than a moving community. Almost daily would be seen groups gathered in parties, and their tables spread with every luxury that a reasonable person could ask or desire. Myself and hus-

band have been highly favored with invitations so frequent, to breakfast or take tea from home, that we were oftentimes obliged to excuse ourselves. Our home has been so pleasant that it was no pleasure for me to leave it. My family wagon, drawn by four large bay horses, like many others, was very convenient, having broad projections, bedstead, with comfortable bed, &c., &c. I had sufficient room in the centre for myself and little ones. My wagon seemed more like a parlor than a travelling vehicle. We often, during our journey, corralled, or formed a ring with more than 600 wagons, which, when lighted by candles and evening fires, had the appearance of a city.

We passed many tribes of Indians during our journey, and were well treated by all excepting the Otoes. Many came to our wagons, neatly dressed in garments made of skins of beasts, and trimmed with wampum, on which great taste and neatness was displayed. They rode excellent horses, seemed happy, and well pleased with the attention they received from us. They offered ten ponies for some of our prettiest girls. \* \* \*

We started from our winter quarters the 1st of June, and passed a distance of 500 miles over a country beautiful beyond description, had it not been for lack of timber. The buffalo, the elk, the antelope, and deer, were constantly on our path, and furnished us with the best of meat. Gooseberries, currants, cherries, and grapes in abundance—large and excellent of the kind. We then passed a country barren in the extreme; days and weeks, not a shrub or spear of grass was seen by us, and our horses and cattle were taken from one to four miles, into the valleys of the mountains, for food and water, which often was poison, and caused the death of many of our best cattle. It would have been difficult for us to have come through with our enormous loads, had not our brethren from the place come with horses, mules, and cattle, to our relief.

This valley has been passed by our Gentile neighbors on account of the scarcity of timber, which we find in abundance, hid up in the *canions* of the mountains, as if for the especial benefit of the saints. \* \* \* We also find clay equal to that of Liverpool, and every appearance of gold mines, which we fear to have opened, for adversity we have proven to be far better for the saints than prosperity.

We have two grist and three saw mills now in operation, and mechanics of every kind in our Fork City, for such it is:—a city built in the form of a fork. The materials of which it is constructed are principally "adobies," or what you would call unburnt brick, but of a harder texture, and plastered with a mortar taken from the earth, much resembling a hard finish.

I have been astonished at the improvements made in this place. We have the necessaries and many of the comforts of life. Molasses to a considerable extent, and some excellent sugar, have been extracted from the cornstalk this season.

We are fitting out some wagons to send into the States for groceries and clothing for our family, which cannot be procured here.

N. B. We have just received a present of a winter squash, that weighs seventy-four pounds, and a round turnip, which weighs eight pounds and nine ounces. These are some of the products of our beautiful valley. If you don't believe it, come and see.

## CHILDREN.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

"A little child shall lead them."

ONE cold market morning I looked into a milliner's shop, and there I saw a hale, hearty, well-browned young fellow from the country, with his long cart-whip, and a lion shag-coat, holding up some little matter, and turning it about in his great fist. And what do you suppose it was? A baby's bonnet! A little, soft, blue, satin hood, with a swan's-down border, white as the new-fallen snow, with a frill of rich blonde around the edge.

By his side stood a very pretty woman, holding with no small pride, the baby—for evidently it was a baby. Any one could read that fact in every glance, as they looked at each other, and at the little hood, and then at the large, blue, unconscious eyes, and fat, dimpled cheeks, of the little one. It was evident that neither of them had ever seen a baby like that before!

"But really, Mary," said the young man, "is not three dollars very high?"

Mary very prudently said nothing, but, taking the hood, tied it on the little head, and held up the baby. The man looked, and grinned, and, without another word, down went the three dollars, (all that the last week's butter came to,) and, as they walked out of the shop, it is hard to say which looked the most delighted with the bargain.

"Ah," thought I, "'a little child shall lead them!'"

Another day, as I passed a carriage-factory, I saw a young mechanic at work on a wheel. The rough body of a carriage stood beside him—and there, wrapped up snugly, all hooded and cloaked, sat a dark-eyed girl, about a year old, playing with a great shaggy dog. As I stopped, the man looked up from his work, and turned admiringly towards his little companion, as much as to say, "See what I have got here!"

"Yes," thought I, "and if the little lady ever gets a glance from admiring swains, as sincere as that, she will be lucky."

Ah, these little children!—little witches!—pretty, even in all their thoughts and absurdities!—winning, even in their sins and iniquities! See, for example, yonder little fellow in a naughty fit; he has shaken his long curls over his deep blue eyes—the fair brow is bent in a frown—the rose-leaf lip is pushed up in infinite defiance—and the white shoulders thrust naughtily forward. Can any but a child look so pretty even in their naughtiness?

Then comes the instant change—flashing smiles and tears—as the good comes back all in a rush, and you are overwhelmed with protestations, promises, and kisses. They are irresistible, too, these little ones. They pull away the scholar's pen—tumble about his papers—make somersets over his books—and what can you do? They tear up newspapers—litter the carpets—break, pull, and upset, and then jabber unintelligible English in self-defence—and what can you do for yourself?

"If I had a child," says the precise man, "you should see!"

He *does* have a child—and his child tears up his papers, tumbles over his things, and pulls his nose, like all other children—and what has the precise man to say for himself? Nothing! He is like everybody else—"a little child shall lead him!"

Poor little children, they bring and teach us human beings more good than they get in return. How often does the infant, with its soft cheek and helpless hand, awaken a mother from worldliness and egotism to a whole world of a new and higher feeling. How often does the mother repay this, by doing her best to wipe off, even before the time, the dew and fresh simplicity of childhood, and make her daughter too soon a woman of the world, as she has been.

The hardened heart of the worldly man is touched by the guileless tones and simple caresses of his son, but he repays it in time, by imparting to his boy all the crooked tricks and hard ways and callous maxims, which have undone himself.

Go to the jail—the penitentiary—and find there the wretch most sullen, brutal, and hardened. Then look at your infant son.

Such as he is to you, such to some mother was this man. That hard hand was soft and delicate—that rough voice was tender and lisping; fond eyes followed as he played—and he was rocked and cradled as something holy. There was a time when his heart, soft and unworn, might have opened to questionings of his Maker, and been sealed with the seal of heaven. But harsh hands seized it—and all is over with him forever.

So of the tender, weeping child—he is made the callous, heartless man; of the all-believing child—the sneering sceptic; of the beautiful and modest—the shameless and abandoned; and this is what the world does for the little one.

There was a time when the Divine One stood upon the earth, and little children sought to draw near to him. But harsh human beings stood between him and them, forbidding their approach. Ah, has it not always been so? Do not even we, with our hard and unsubdued feelings—our worldly and unscriptural habits and maxims—stand like a dark screen between our child and its Saviour, and keep, even from the choice bud of our hearts, the radiance which might unfold it for paradise? "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," is still the voice of the Son of God—but the cold world still closes round and forbids. When of old, the disciples would question their Lord of the higher mysteries of his kingdom, he took a little child, and set him in the midst, as a sign of him who would be greatest in the kingdom of heaven. That gentle teacher still remains to us. By every hearth and fireside, Jesus still sets the little child in the midst of us!

Wouldst thou know, O parent, what is that faith which unlocks heaven? Go not to wrangling polemics, or creeds and forms of geology; but draw to thy bosom thy little one, and read in that clear and trusting eye, the lesson of eternal life. Be only to thy God as thy child is to thee, and all is done. Blessed shalt thou be indeed—"a little child shall lead thee."

From Chambers' Journal.

FROM THE GRAY TO THE WHITE.

FIFTY years ago, could we have followed a piece of cotton cloth from the loom, we should have seen it packed in great bales and shipped off to Holland to be whitened. Could we have watched its further progress, we should have seen it consigned to some Dutch bleacher, and under his hands undergo a process of boiling in potash lees, and of subsequent washing and soaking in buttermilk, and then we might have beheld hundreds of acres of green grass covered with the fabric, forming one immense carpet of calico. After an exposure to the summer sky for months, autumn would see it all gathered up again, repacked, reshipped, and in the hands of the English manufacturer once more. Indeed, in many instances we need not have left England to see this primitive method of bleaching, for many a fair English field was likewise turned into a "bleaching croft." A period extending over several months was thus necessary to give a snowy lustre to this product of the loom.

Science has now outstripped time and the whitening influence of the solar ray; and by a combination of many, but simple and rapid processes, has wrought out in a day what was formerly the work of many weeks, even when aided by the most favorable atmospheric influences. We propose, by recounting what was brought under our personal observation at one of the great bleach works of this country, to bring the various interesting steps by which this remarkable process is so swiftly effected under the reader's notice, satisfied that it both deserves and will receive his willing and attentive consideration. The last of the textile processes concerned in the production of calico, power or hand-loom weaving, leaves the cloth in a condition as to color and surface wholly unfit for the finer purposes of human life. Technically, the cloth is said to be in the "gray;" but in reality its hue is that of a pale buff. This is due to the presence of resinous and amylaceous coloring particles in, or united with, the vegetable fibre. As these, in the process of bleaching, are acted upon by chemical reagents, which do not, at least when applied in the same proportionate strength, affect the vegetable fibre, they are partly extracted from the tissue, and partly decomposed. Thus bleaching—so far as principles are concerned—becomes resolved into a very simple process; although, it must be added, certain curious chemistries are concerned in it, the exposition of which is not very easy. The surface also of the cloth is so manifestly rough, downy, and covered with loose fibres, that it is evident it must be submitted to some smoothing procedure before it can possibly be fitted for apparel or for the process of calico-printing. The last of these processes—the "smoothing"—will be very quickly got over; but the first—the extraction and decomposition of the coloring principles of the calico—will occupy the entire remaining portion of our paper.

A vast chimney, standing in solitary majesty, and blackening the whole sky with the smoke of its pipe, marks out the position of the great bleaching establishment we visited. The peculiar sound of dashing and tumbling waters, with the deep roll of machinery, and with every now and then the escape of a cumulus of steam up into the air from the roof of one portion of the building, assures the visitor he has not mistaken his destination, and the opening door lets him in to the tumultuous scene of labor. A strong smell of burnt tinder fills the air, and is perceived to proceed from a low-roofed, small building, detached from the rest of the establishment. This is the "singeing" house. Standing at the door of this place, a rather alarming scene is brought before the eye. There is a low furnace in the centre of the room, with a fire beneath glowing at white heat. At the upper part of the furnace is a semi-cylinder of copper, heated to a bright red, and a man is seen winding a long piece of calico right over this burning metal. Every instant we expected the fabric to burst into a blaze. But no! a cloud of glowing sparks rose up the chimney, but the tissue continued to pass smoothly and safely over, being wound on to a roller, and wetted as it was wound up by a number of minute jets of water. This process is repeated three times—twice on the "face" and once on the back of the calico. By this curious plan all the light downy matter is actually *burnt* clean off; yet the fabric is uninjured, in consequence of the rapidity with which it is made to pass over the hot metal. A ton of coal, in a good furnace, will by this simple method smooth about twenty-four miles of calico! The cylinders used to be of iron, and were burnt away in a week; now they are copper, and last for two or three months. A more ingenious process has been patented, in which the downy particles are burnt away by causing a number of minute jets of gas to be, as it were, sucked through the fabric, and thus these light particles are consumed and carried away in an instant. We believe there are actually large singeing works in which this patent is carried out, where only *singeing* is done; but the process applies to a great number of other goods besides calico—such as bobbin-nets, muslins, &c. To have had such a piece of cloth as this looks now, being of a deep-nankeen color, from the effects of the singeing, put into his hands to bleach, would have driven a Dutchman almost to despair half a century ago; and it does in fact look as if we had made a step further back instead of in progress.

The first great object has now been accomplished. The surface of the fabric is in that condition as to evenness and freedom from down which the manufacturer desires, and which the ultimate processes it is to be subjected to imperatively demand. The roll of cloth is therefore removed, and conveyed in trucks to that portion of the works which, though the entire series of processes is now totally different, still retains the old name, the "bleaching croft." It is an apartment

of great size, paved with freestone, and abounding in cisterns, drums, and shafts in great numbers; and it would be well for the visitor to be furnished with waterproof shoes and upper clothing if he would watch minutely the various splashing operations which are conducted here. Some expert needlewomen are stationed in one part of it, whose duty it is to sew the ends of the pieces of singed cloth together until a continuous web is formed, containing from 400 to 500 pieces, and being from six to eight statute miles in length. This vast quantity of cloth is disposed in a convenient heap, and one end of it is drawn into the washing-engine. This machine consists of two long horizontal wooden rollers, one of which is suspended above, and the other lies under water in an appropriate cistern. The cloth passes over and under these rollers a great number of times in a gentle spiral, and leaves them in the middle, to travel onward, and to be laid in folds on a four-wheeled truck a little in front of the machine. As a large supply of pure water is continually pouring into this engine, the soiled water escapes from it, and carries with it all that "dressing" or paste which the weaver so sedulously introduced in the manufacture of his cloth. It would thus not be difficult to show that many thousands of barrels of flour are actually wasted in giving an *appearance* to the cloth; and the first machinery which applies the dressing, and the last, whose only intention is to remove it from the same fabric, with their original cost of construction, and the continued outlay of power for their working, being also taken into consideration, it would become manifest that many thousands of pounds are thrown away in the attempt to make an article look better than it really is.

The intention of the next process is the extraction of any resinous or oily matters from the cloth. To effect this, at the farthest side of the croft-house there is a set of curiously-arranged caldrons of cast-iron, seven or eight in number, and sufficiently capacious to hold *each* enough of cloth to describe, if laid evenly down, the circumference of the metropolis. These are called technically "keirs." They are of a curious construction; in the centre of each is a perpendicular iron pipe, with a sort of bonnet over its orifice; they have also a perforated false bottom, into which steam is blown; and when the caldron is filled with water and cloth, the injected steam forces up the water in interrupted jets through the pipe, which, by means of the bonnet, disperses it all over the cloth; and this process is continued, the liquor being a strong lye of lime, for eight hours, 1500 pieces being boiled at once. To see one of these great boilers in full work is to have a mimic geyser brought before the eyes, whose roarings and sputtings would not do discredit to the great original. The cloth is hauled out of the keir at the conclusion of this process by revolving rollers, and once more passes, at the rate of four or five miles an hour, through the washing-engine. All the alkaline liquor which it contained is thus washed away; but in order to insure its removal more completely, the cloth travels from the washing-engine into one upon

precisely similar principles, only that, in the place of water, it is made to contain a very dilute solution of sulphuric acid and water. This is called by the artisans employed in the process the first "souring." From the soaving-engine it is again taken to be washed in pure water, to get rid of the superfluous acid; and if the cloth is now examined, it will be found to be gradually gaining a whiter aspect, though still far from white. It has now to undergo another boiling. Once more the revolving rollers, which are suspended from the ceiling in a convenient position near the keir furnaces, are set in motion, and pour down a swift stream of cloth into the hot and yawning caldron beneath. The keir is this time filled with a dilute solution of soda-ash, and the boiling is continued for ten hours. This time being expired, the end of the immense length is hauled out, and put in connection with the hard-worked washing-engine, which fulfils its usual office, and discharging the washed cloth, it is directed by a man into a square receptacle, and stacked up there.

From this point the other class of bleaching principles come into play. The resinous and oleaginous matters have been fully extracted by the previous alternate alkaline lixiviations and washings in pure water. The coloring principles which remain, and give the cloth now a dirty pale yellow tinge, not being amenable to the powers of alkaline solution, must be dealt with by direct chemical energies. This, in fact, is the commencement of what in strictness should be called the bleaching process. The preparation vulgarly called chloride of lime, more properly chlorinated or chloruretted lime—for the first phrase indicates a chemical composition which does not belong to it—is that which effects this remarkable decomposition. It has received the strange-sounding title of "chemick," probably to contrast bleaching by chemical with the old plan of bleaching by solar influence. The "chemicking" process is thus conducted: about twenty-two pounds of "chloride of lime" are mixed together with water, and the solution being brought to a proper strength, is conveyed into a machine of the same construction as the washing-engine. The end of the piece is then directed over certain pulleys, and enters the bleaching-trough, where it is repeatedly immersed in the chlorinated solution; and on leaving the machine, is guided by a boy into a recess, where it lies in great coils for several hours. When it is considered to have lain long enough, it undergoes a second process of immersion in dilute sulphuric acid and water. The effect of this is to produce a chemical decomposition in the chlorinated lime; the lime quits its equivalent of chlorine under impulse of the stronger affinity it entertains for the acid, and the gas thus liberated in every fibre of the cloth, decomposes the coloring principles, leaving the cloth almost in a state of perfect whiteness. The washing-machine again receives it, and cleanses away the acid; it is then soaked in a solution of soda, in order to avoid any free acid entering with it into the further processes; and again it is washed in clean water. It then goes through a second chem-

icking, is again allowed to lie, and is again soused, and afterwards washed. The cloth is now perfectly white; its complexion will endure even the favorite comparison—"as white as snow." Every trace of color has been removed, and a spotless purity is left. It is then thoroughly soaked in *hot* water, is passed between a pair of wooden rollers, which perform that hydro-extractive operation called by the laundresses "wringing," by squeezing the cloth powerfully as it passes between them until it is almost destitute of water, when it takes a final leave of the croft in which it has played so many bustling parts, by disappearing from view through a hole in the ceiling.

A general analysis of these numerous processes—in all, *seventeen* in number—will facilitate our apprehension of the whole subject. Looking at them with attention, they resolve themselves into three classes:—1. Alkaline lixiviation; 2. Application of the chlorinated solution; and 3. Its decomposition in the fibres of the tissue by dilute sulphuric acid. The washing is to be considered simply as a depurative process. These processes look to two kinds of coloring matter in the cloth; one soluble, and removable by solution in alkaline liquors; the other insoluble, and only to be removed by making up its chemical composition under the influence, it has been supposed, of nascent oxygen, which some views of the chemical phenomena concerned would appear to show present in the case. We do not intend, however, to plunge the reader into a maze of chemical problems. A clear conception of the whole may be gained by bearing in mind the few and easy principles above stated. No one entering the croft ignorant of these could fail to be perplexed to the last degree by the apparently inextricable confusion of the numerous operations passing before his eyes. The number of white bands which, like huge serpents of endless length, fly hither and thither above his head, as if bewitched, and without the agency of human intervention to control their evolutions; the rattle of the pulleys over which they run; the dashing of the water in the washing, bleaching, and sousing-engines; the clattering of trucks on iron wheels, bearing their dripping loads to various places; and finally the deep-mouthed, muffled roar of several of the keirs—all unite to form a scene the most extraordinary and confounding imaginable.

Mounting a flight of stairs, we have the snowy cloth brought once more under our notice. Here the long compound piece is unripped into the original lengths, which, united, extended to 70,000 yards, or about 24 miles. They are then individually folded, and as far as possible rendered free from creases. Thence they are taken into large drying apartments, with lattice-windows, the temperature of which is kept at a considerable elevation by means of steam pipes, and being suspended on long poles, they are quickly dried. After a little time they are removed from hence to the folding and packing-rooms; from which places, after having been put up in convenient parcels, they are sent off to the Manchester warehouses, or possibly to the print-

works connected with this establishment at Mayfield in Manchester.

This beautiful process, on the whole, is perhaps more indicative of our era than many which receive more attention from the curious. It shows us science in one of its most elegant applications to art. It shows us also the resources of our splendid and powerful mechanism applied to carry out the purposes of philosophy. And when, unitedly, we consider the science, skill, and capital, which meet only to change the color of a vegetable tissue to one which is the synthesis of all color, we have before us a manufacturing process which the thoughtful mind will not fail to endow with a very high rank in the list of the *notabilia* of our time and country.

From *Sartain's Magazine*.

#### SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

A HANDFUL of red sand, from the hot clime  
Of Arab deserts brought,  
Within this glass becomes the spy of Time,  
The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it been  
About those deserts blown!

How many strange vicissitudes has seen,  
How many histories known!

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite  
Trampled and passed it o'er,  
When into Egypt, from the patriarch's sight  
His favorite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare,  
Crushed it beneath their tread;  
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air  
Scattered it as they sped;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth  
Held close in her caress,  
Whose pilgrimage of hope and love and faith  
Illumed the wilderness:

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's palms  
Pacing the Red Sea beach,  
And singing slow their old Armenian psalms  
In half-articulate speech;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's gate  
With westward steps depart;  
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of fate,  
And resolute in heart!

These have passed over it, or may have passed!  
Now in this crystal tower,  
Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,  
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand;  
Before my dreaming eye  
Stretches the desert, with its shifting sand,  
Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining blast,  
This little golden thread  
Dilates into a column high and vast,  
A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting sun,  
Across the boundless plain,  
The column and its broader shadow run,  
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes! These walls again  
Shut out the lurid sun,  
Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain;  
The half-hour's sand is run!

From the Dublin University Magazine.

#### THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

THE massacre perpetrated in Paris, on the eve of Saint Bartholomew, A. D. 1572, was at once the most horrible of tragedies, and the most miserable of farces; historians have vied with each other in giving to it all the dignity of which atrocious wickedness is susceptible. Men have felt that injury would be done to the memory of the victims if it was found that they were sacrificed to a wretched court intrigue, and not to some grand scheme of iniquitous policy designed to change the destinies of Europe. The truth is that there was no clever contrivance, no extensive plot, and no deep-laid conspiracy; and to us the horror of the butchery is greatly aggravated by finding that the demoralizing influence of bigotry could have wrought such wide destruction on so short a notice.

We possess ample materials for a complete investigation of all the circumstances connected with this awful event. The most important are the "Correspondence of the French Ambassadors in England with their own court," "The Memoirs of Margaret of Valois," the Narrative, published by Henry III., when King of Poland, "The Life and Letters of Admiral Coligny," and the "Memoirs of Tavannes, La None, L'Estoile," and several other contemporaries who were all more or less personally connected with the events. From these we shall endeavor to frame a narrative which will at once afford a consistent detail of events, and at the same time bring to light the motives of the actors. But before doing so we must introduce our readers to the actors themselves.

Catherine de Medicis figures as the *prima donna* in this and in many other tragedies of the sixteenth century. She is usually described as a sanguinary bigot, but with her bigotry was subservient to ambition; in fact the zeal for Catholicism cannot be regarded as extravagant, since she sought the hand of Queen Elizabeth for each of her three sons successively, and when she had reason to hope that the youngest would be successful, she took care to intimate, as a recommendation, that he was favorably disposed towards the Protestant religion. Catherine was a great adept in poisons; it is said that she brought with her from Italy the terrible secrets of the Borgias, and that she was as unscrupulous in the use of them as Lucrece Borgia herself; the deaths laid to her charge are too numerous to be credited, nor is there any one of the cases sufficiently authenticated to be received as decisive evidence, though several justify a very high degree of suspicion. Like most of the Italians of that day, Catherine was excessively credulous; she was a firm believer in astrology, fortunetelling and necromancy; her most trusty advisers were pretended adepts in magic, and public report added that these persons also assisted her in the preparation and administration of poisons.

The Cardinal of Lorraine is the only person

that has insinuated any imputation on Catherine's conjugal fidelity; he has left it on record that none of the children of Henry II. resembled the king, except his natural daughter, Diana, and that Catherine's sons and daughters were so very unlike each other that they were suspected to have had different fathers. There does not appear to be any just foundation for this suspicion; but though Catherine may not have been unchaste herself, she showed little regard for chastity in others. When she arrived in France as dauphiness, she found that though Francis I. wore the crown, all the power of the state was wielded by his mistress, the Duchess d'Etampes, and she at once exerted herself to win the support of the royal favorite. She not only paid open court to the royal mistress, but even ridiculed the scruples of those who refused to pay homage to unwedded love. For this she was properly punished in the next reign; her husband, on ascending the throne, openly took the Duchess of Valentinois as his mistress, dividing his authority between her and the Constable Montmorenci, to the utter exclusion of the queen. When Montmorenci, who had quarrelled with the royal mistress, sought to obtain some share of power for Catherine, the king said to him, "My good gossip, you do not know my wife; she is one of the greatest vixens in the world; if she was admitted to a share in the administration, she would throw everything into confusion."

But Catherine soon organized a power of her own, which soon became most influential in the state; she organized the celebrated "brigade of beauty;" she assembled in her court the fairest daughters of France; she encouraged, rather than tolerated, a gallantry which closely bordered on licentiousness, so that an English Puritan called her ladies "the graces and disgraces of Christendom." These ladies were more formidable than armies; Admiral Coligny declared that an encounter with the queen's phalanx was more to be dreaded than the loss of a battle; patriotism might meet undaunted a whole park of artillery, but it was unable to sustain a battery of ladies' eyes.

Charles IX. was little more than ten years of age when he ascended the throne on the death of his brother, Francis II. During the reign of Francis, Catherine had been excluded from power by the Guise faction; the niece of the Duke of Guise, Mary Queen of Scots, was the wife of Francis, and had gained an absolute ascendancy over her husband, which she employed to advance the interest of her relatives. Catherine never forgot nor forgave this opposition, and it was chiefly through her influence that the French court never earnestly interfered to rescue Mary from her unmerited and almost unparalleled misfortunes. It was chiefly through the aid of the Huguenots that Catherine triumphed over the Guises, and obtained the regency. She then endeavored to break down both the Catholic and Protestant parties, with the hope of forming a party of her own from the fragments

of both; her tortuous course of policy, her cun-

ning, her perfidy, and her breaches of agreement, kept the country in a continued civil war, interrupted only by hollow truces, in which fresh violations of faith gave fresh bitterness to renewed hostilities. Charles IX. was deliberately sacrificed by his mother. It was necessary to her ambitious projects that he should be feeble both in mind and body, and his whole education was perverted to effect this wicked purpose. In this diabolical task Catherine was aided by the Marshal de Kets, whom she had brought from Florence for this purpose. Towards the close of his life Charles discovered the wrong that had been inflicted on him, and resolved to take the reins of power into his own hands; his death followed his attempt to assert independence so speedily that it was generally ascribed to poison. Henry of Anjou, subsequently King of Poland, and afterwards of France, as Henry III., was the favorite child of Catherine. Tavannes says that she often declared, "I would peril my salvation to advance the interests of Henry;" and history proves that she kept her word. It would be difficult to find a prince more universally condemned by his contemporaries and by posterity. He had all the vices of his mother, hardly redeemed by a greater share of animal courage than was possessed by any of his brothers.

Francis of Alençon, afterwards of Anjou, was even more universally detested than his brother Henry. His personal appearance was most repulsive; his nose, especially, appeared to be double; hence, when he betrayed the insurgents in Flanders, whom he had previously instigated to revolt, they took revenge in an epigram to the following effect:—

Good people of Flanders, pray do not suppose  
That 't is odd in this Frenchman to double his nose;  
Dame Nature her favors but rarely misplaces—  
She has given two noses to match his two faces.

Catherine labored long and earnestly to make this prince an acceptable suitor to Queen Elizabeth. It is only within the last few years that full materials for the secret history of this courtship have been rendered accessible to the curious, and certainly a stranger narrative was never revealed to the lovers of scandal. Catherine's anxiety for the marriage was increased by her belief in a prophecy that all her sons would be kings; the early death of Francis II. led her to fear that the prediction might be fulfilled by their succeeding each other on the throne of France, and she hoped to avert this by procuring them foreign kingdoms. She first proposed Henry to Elizabeth, and, when this negotiation failed, she proposed to form a kingdom for him by uniting the islands of Corsica and Sardinia to the province of Algiers. An embassy was preparing to secure the consent of Sultan Selim II. to this strange project, when the approaching vacancy of the throne of Poland opened the prospect of his being elected to that kingdom.

Margaret of Valois, celebrated for her beauty, and afterwards for her numerous gallantries, was educated in the court of Catherine, and the courses

of her instruction were sufficiently varied; she studied classics and coquetry, languages and love, needle-work and needless work, archery and archness, together with the usual female accomplishments of music and dancing. She was an apt and, indeed, a precocious scholar. When she was only seven years of age her father jocularly asked her to name her cavalier, offering the Prince of Joinville and the Marquis of Beaufré to her choice; the young lady declared, without hesitation, that she preferred the marquis because he was both prudent and secret, while the prince was a boaster, with whom no lady's reputation could be safe. When her brother Henry, in order to gain support against the Guises, affected to favor Huguenot doctrines, he vainly endeavored to bring Margaret over to the same sentiments; he burned her prayer-books and rosaries, giving her, in their place, the Calvinistic Devotions and Marot's version of the Psalms. Though not more than ten years of age, Margaret adhered steadily to the Catholic creed, and refused to sing Marot's Psalms, though menaced for her recusancy with the rod. At the age of fourteen the princess accompanied Catherine to the celebrated conferences at Bayonne, where, according to some authors, the massacre of St. Bartholomew was contrived. This, however, is certainly an error; the destruction of Protestantism was, no doubt, desired and discussed by Catherine and the Duke of Alva, but they formed no definite plan for accomplishing their wishes; indeed, it was impossible they should do so, since Catherine would not lay aside her jealousy of the Guises, nor break off her negotiations with Elizabeth.

When Henry was appointed lieutenant-general of the kingdom, Margaret was engaged by him to watch over Charles IX., and give information of any attempts he might make to escape from the tutelage in which he was held. While thus acting as spy for her favorite brother, she engaged in some negotiations on her own account; the young Duke of Guise offered himself as a lover, and was secretly accepted. Intelligence of this intrigue was conveyed to Henry of Anjou, who received the news "rather as an outraged lover than a deceived brother." As he was a perfect master of dissimulation, he concealed his resentment; indeed, the princess informs us that she was first led to suspect her danger from the warmth of the expressions in which Henry professed his attachment to the Duke of Guise. "When I lay sick at Angers," she says, "but more disordered in mind than in body, it happened, unfortunately for me, that the Duke of Guise and his uncle arrived. This gave great joy to my brother Henry, as it afforded him an opportunity for veiling his artifices; but it greatly increased my apprehensions. To hide his plans my brother came daily to my chamber, bringing with him M. de Guise, whom he feigned to love very much. He used often to embrace him, and exclaim, 'Would to God you were my brother!' The duke pretended not to hear him; but I, who knew his malice, lost all patience, because I dared not reproach him with his dissimulation."

Having convinced himself that Margaret and the Duke of Guise were not indifferent to each other, Henry revealed the secret to Charles IX., who received it with transports of indignation ; he sent for his natural brother, Henry of Angoulême, and commanded him to put the duke to death. Warned of his danger, Guise married the widow of the Prince of Ponion with all the precipitation of a man who felt that the altar afforded him the only means of escape from the grave. Thenceforth Margaret became the political enemy of Henry, and exerted all her power to advance the interests of her youngest brother.

A husband was next to be procured for Margaret, and this was apparently facilitated by her declaration that she would accept anybody whom her mother selected. The astute Catherine was sorely perplexed by this profession of implicit obedience ; she watched her daughter so vigilantly that the princess was all but in name a prisoner. The King of Portugal was first proposed as a suitable match ; but the Spanish court interfered, and the negotiation terminated abruptly. The second and successful candidate was Henry of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. of France.

Most writers represent this marriage as a master-stroke of policy, but they are not agreed whether it originated in a sincere desire to terminate the wars of religion which had so long devastated France, and prepare the way for a cordial union between Catholic and Protestant, or whether it was not a detestable artifice to allure the Huguenots to Paris, where they might easily be massacred. But a careful study of the cotemporary memoirs shows that public policy had very little to do with the affair. Charles de Montmorency, by whom the match was first proposed, recommended it as a means of creating a counterpoise to the overgrown power of the house of Lorraine. Catherine, who had learned from her spies some of the levities and indiscretions in which the King of Navarre already indulged, hoped to render him her tool by the aid of her battalion of beauty, and she actually provided him with a mistress before she gave him her daughter as a wife. Charles IX. hoped, by the aid of Henry and the Huguenots, to escape from the thralldom in which he was held by his mother and brother. Henry of Anjou was anxious to raise an eternal barrier between his sister and the Duke of Guise, having reason to believe that the marriage of the latter had not put an end to their intimacy. Alençon trusted that the Huguenots would raise him to the rank which his brother Henry enjoyed. Margaret alone was averse ; she pleaded scruples of conscience, and expressed great unwillingness to marry a prince of a different religion.

Jane d'Albert, the dowager Queen of Navarre, was a most rigid Puritan ; the mere glitter of royalty would not have induced her to unite her son to a Catholic princess, had she not deemed such a marriage necessary to secure his eventual claims to the throne of France. A general opinion, founded, it is said, on some prophecy, pre-

vailed throughout Europe, that the posterity of Catherine would fail in the second generation ; Henry of Navarre was the next heir to the throne of France after the house of Valois ; but his religion was likely to raise up so much opposition, that it was deemed prudent to strengthen his claim by a matrimonial alliance with the reigning family. In spite, however, of these powerful considerations, Jane assented to the union with great reluctance, often repeating the warning given by one of her councillors—"The liveries worn at this marriage will be turned up with crimson."

Jane was invited by Charles IX. to visit Paris, for the purpose of expediting the preliminaries to the marriage. She arrived in that metropolis on the 15th of April, and was present at the ceremonial of proclaiming peace between the Catholics and the Huguenots. Charles showed her the greatest respect and affection ; he called her his aunt, his well-beloved, and his chief consolation. When she expressed a fear that the pope might refuse or delay the necessary dispensation, Charles replied, "No, aunt, I honor you more than the pope, and I have greater love of my sister than fear of him. If Sir Pope goes on with any of his tricks, I will take Maggy with my own hand, and have her married in full conventicle." But the favor of the king could not reconcile the pious Jane to the profligacy of Paris. In a letter to her son she says—"Much as I have heard of the wickedness of this court the reality far surpasses my anticipations. Here it is not the men who ask the women, but the women who ask the men. Were you to come amongst them you could not escape without a miracle." Catherine could not conceal her jealousy of one so superior to herself in every intellectual and moral qualification, as the dowager Queen of Navarre ; and she was particularly alarmed at her growing influence over the mind of King Charles. In June, however, Jane was seized with mortal illness ; and her death, at a moment so opportune for the designs of Catherine, was generally attributed to poison. René, the court perfumer, an accomplished agent of villainy, was said to have administered the poison in a pair of scented gloves. The tale rests on very questionable evidence. Jane frequently mentions her illness in the letters which she wrote to her son. Both of her physicians were zealous Protestants ; and though one of them, Desnau, wrote several lampoons against Catherine, he never insinuated that she had caused the death of his royal mistress.

This event did not much delay the preparations for the marriage. Admiral Coligny, and the rest of the Protestant leaders were invited to Paris ; and they went the more readily, because they knew that John de Montluc, Bishop of Valence, who had embraced the Protestant faith, and was privately married, had been permitted to retain his diocese, and stood high in the confidence of Catherine. When the admiral was about to mount his horse to set out for Paris, an old woman who lived under him at Chatillon, rushed forward, and falling on

her knees, exclaimed, "Alas! alas! my good lord and master, whither are you rushing to destruction? I shall never see you again if you once go to Paris; for you will die there—you and all who go with you. If you have no pity on yourself, take pity on your wife, your children, and the number of worthy persons who will be involved in your fate!" The admiral vainly endeavored to console this poor woman; she did not cease to repeat her ominous predictions so long as he remained in sight.

A weighty charge pressed upon the admiral; he was accused of having instigated the assassin, Poltrot, to murder the late Duke of Guise. Poltrot had exonerated him when brought out to be executed; but, unfortunately, the admiral had published two pamphlets to vindicate himself, in which he made some admissions by no means creditable to his character. A process had been instituted against him, and though it had been suspended by a royal decree, it might be renewed at any moment, and hurried to a fatal conclusion. But the admiral had been led to believe that the king would require his services in the projected war against Spain, and hoped to lead an army of Huguenots into Flanders.

Charles received the admiral with great demonstrations of respect, and took his son-in-law, Teligny, into his intimate confidence. He complained bitterly to this young nobleman of the creatures whom his mother had placed round him, saying—"Shall I speak freely to you, Teligny? I distrust all these people. I suspect the ambition of Tavannes; Vielleville loves nothing but good wine; Cossé is a miser; Montmorenci is a mere sportsman; Count de Retz is a Spaniard at heart; the rest of the courtiers are mere beasts; my secretaries are traitors, so that I cannot tell which way to turn."

Tavannes was the first who became alarmed at the increasing influence of the admiral; he endeavored to excite the king's jealousy, and when Charles told him that Coligny had offered him the services of ten thousand men for the war in Flanders, he replied—"Sire, whichever of your subjects has dared to use such words to you deserves to be beheaded. How can he presume to offer you that which is your own? It is a sign that he has gained over and corrupted masses of your subjects to serve against yourself, should it be necessary." Finding that the king paid no attention to these insinuations, he communicated his alarms to Henry of Anjou and the queen; they were greatly moved, especially as they had learned from the king's secretaries that the Huguenot chiefs were resolved to obtain for Alençon an efficient share in the administration. Catherine now resolved to keep a close watch on her royal son, who was too weak-minded and too easily excited to keep a secret. Meeting him one day as he returned from a visit to the admiral, she asked, with a sneer—"What have you learned from your long conversation with the gray-beards?" He replied, with a fearful oath—"Madame, I have learned that you and my brother

Henry are the worst enemies of me and my kingdom."

Catherine assembled her friends in secret council; Tavannes, who was present, declares that she was greatly agitated and alarmed, thus decisively refuting the story that the favor shown to Coligny was an artful piece of hypocrisy concerted between the king and his mother. The king's secretaries had betrayed his secrets to Catherine; they informed her that Flanders was about to be invaded by a royal army, in which all the Huguenot leaders would hold high command; that her favorite son Henry would be exiled from France; and that Alençon would succeed him as lieutenant-general of the kingdom; to this they added, that it was in contemplation to send her from the court to some distant place of exile. Various plans were proposed; Henry of Anjou suggested the immediate assassination of Coligny, which was at once deliberately accepted by the council.

In the mean time, the preparations for the marriage were completed, and the ceremony was celebrated with regal splendor. Neither bride nor bridegroom liked the match; Margaret, when asked "would she accept the King of Navarre for her wedded husband?" stood obstinately silent, and the ceremony was awkwardly interrupted. Charles grew angry and impatient, he grasped her rudely by the hair, and forcibly bent her head forward so as to make a more awkward bow than any the court had previously witnessed. This compulsory nod was received as a sign of assent, and the ceremony was brought to a conclusion amid suppressed tittering and ominous whispers.

The marked repugnance which Charles began to manifest towards his brother Henry, led the conspirators to fear that he might be sent into exile, unless the admiral was speedily removed. It was resolved that he should be assassinated in such a way as to throw the suspicion of the murder on the Duke of Guise, and make it appear retaliation for his father's murder by Poltrot. A military adventurer, named Maurevel, or Maurevert, was engaged to perpetrate the deed. Henry of Anjou furnished him with a gun, which, from a peculiarity in its construction, was supposed to have more certainty of aim than any other; and a house was hired, belonging to a retainer of the Duke of Guise, by the windows of which Coligny was accustomed to pass every day on his way to the Louvre.

The following account of the murder is given by St. Auban, who was an eyewitness:—

Having had the honor of being educated in the establishment of the admiral at Chastellon, I was in his train, and quite close to him, on the 21st of August, 1572, when he was wounded by Maurevel. Several of us gentlemen belonging to the admiral's household, endeavored to force open the door of the house from which the shot had been fired; but not being able to succeed we followed the admiral to his lodgings, where M. de Seré and I entreated M. de Teligny to permit us to mount our horses, and pursue Maurevel, having learned that he had escaped by a back door, and mounted a horse which had been held in readiness for him. M. de Teligny de-

tained us some time, but at last M. de Serè and I procured our horses, and rode out of Paris by the gate of St. Antoine, through which we learned that the murderer had passed. When we reached Charenton, we took prisoner a servant of M. George de Lounoy, who had provided relays for the murderer, and wore the very gray mantle which Maurevel had on when he quitted Paris. We left our prisoner in the hands of the lieutenant of Villeneuve Saint Georges, and sent information of his arrest to M. de Teligny, who had him removed the next day to Paris, where he was confined in the prison of Tour l'Evesque. Having sent off this letter, M. de Serè and I went on towards Melun; and being near Corbeil, where the road turns off to Blandy, we learned that the murderer had sought refuge in the house of M. de Chailly. The drawbridge was raised, and the flanking turrets garrisoned by musketeers. We therefore watched the house from a distance, hoping that Maurevel might renew his journey; but being disappointed in this expectation, we returned to the admiral.

At first the suspicions of the king and of the Protestant leaders were directed against the Duke of Guise, who narrowly escaped falling a victim to their first burst of mistaken vengeance. Orders would have been issued for the duke's arrest but for the prompt interference of Catherine. She revealed to her son her own share in the attempted murder; and though Charles was very indignant, he could not overcome his old habits of submission to his mother's will. But, in the mean time, the discovery of the gun, which Maurevel had left behind him, had indicated to the Protestants the real instigators of the crime; and further evidence of Anjou's complicity was obtained from the servant arrested by Saint Auban. The Protestants imprudently gave vent to their rage, openly threatening Catherine and Henry, and boasting of their reliance on Charles and Alençon. Some of the more prudent of the body became alarmed. The Bishop of Vienne set out for Poland after having had an interview with Catherine, in which she is said to have given him some intimation of her desperate design. A distinguished Huguenot leader, Blosset, presented himself to the admiral, and declared his resolution to quit Paris. Coligny asked him why he sought to go away at such a moment. "Because," said he, "they have no good intentions towards us here." "How can you think so?" said the admiral. "Have we not a gracious sovereign?" "I think that he is too gracious," was the reply, "and that is the reason why I am most anxious to depart; and if you did the same, it would be better both for you and for us."

Alarmed by the menaces of the Protestant leaders, Catherine once more assembled her secret council, and explained the imminence of the danger to which she and her party were exposed. Tavannes, who was present at these deliberations, does not tell us by whom the massacre of Huguenots was proposed, but he informs us that it was adopted almost without discussion, and that he felt a profound conviction of its necessity; he recommended that the execution of the plot should be hurried, because he doubted the strength of Henry's resolution.

The bigoted and sanguinary population of Paris had manifested in many ways great indignation at the favor which Charles had begun to show to the Huguenots, and had more than once threatened to raise an insurrection and commence a massacre on their own account. It was not safe for Protestants to appear in some streets of the capital, even in the daytime, unless they went in armed bands. Some of them probably wished for the breaking out of such a revolt; they believed that their chivalry would triumph over the citizens, and that victory would place the king entirely in their hands. Catherine's council declared that the issue would be doubtful unless they were assured of the support of the army and the king. The Duke of Anjou promised to obtain the former, for as lieutenant-general of the kingdom he had supreme military command; Catherine answered for Charles. Queen Margaret's simple narrative of her own condition on this fatal evening gives a more vivid picture of Catherine's sanguinary determination than any other record:—

"Suspected by the Huguenots, because I was a Catholic," says the royal authoress, "and equally suspected by the Catholics, because my husband was a Huguenot, no one gave me warning of impending danger. I went as usual to bid my mother good night, and sat down on a trunk in her chamber, near my sister of Lorraine, whom I perceived to be very sad. When the queen, who was speaking to somebody as I entered, saw me, she peremptorily ordered me to go to bed. As I made my obeisance my sister caught me by the arm, and bursting into tears, besought me not to leave the room. When my mother perceived this she became vehemently enraged, and forbade my sister to tell me anything."

After the Queen of Navarre had been thus dismissed Catherine once more assembled her secret council; satisfactory reports were received from well known leaders of the populace, and from some violent Catholic chiefs, who had been warned to hold themselves in readiness; Henry of Anjou communicated his military arrangements, which were found to be complete, and it only remained to obtain the king's consent. Catherine went to him, accompanied by Henry of Anjou, the Sieur de Nevers, the Marshals de Tavannes and de Retz, and the Chancellor de Birague. She declared that nothing but his immediate consent to the massacre could save him from destruction; she averred that the Catholics, irritated by his concessions to the heretics, had resolved to deprive him of the crown; and that the Huguenots had resolved to destroy the whole of the royal family, and establish a Presbyterian republic in France. Tavannes testifies to the indignant reluctance with which the king at first listened to such an atrocious proposition; but Catherine and Henry had gone too far to recede. Charles at length yielded to their urgency, and passing at once to the extreme of cruelty, exclaimed, "Do your work effectually; let not one live to reproach me." It was then arranged that all things should be in readiness at the second hour after midnight, and that the tolling

of the bell of St. Germain d'Auxervis should be the signal for commencing the slaughter.

Henry of Anjou published a brief narrative, intended to be a kind of apology for his share in this atrocity, some time after his elevation to the throne of Poland. He alone has described the conduct of the unhappy king in the early part of this awful morning:—

After having slept for about two hours (he says) the king and the queen, my mother, went with me into the porter's lodge, near the tennis-court at the Louvre, where we found a room looking into the courts, whence we could see the commencement of the massacre. We had not been there long, deliberating on the possible and probable consequences of so fearful an enterprise, which we seemed to have adopted hastily and without sufficient consideration, when we heard a pistol-shot, without being able to tell whence the sound came, or whether anybody was hurt. This event greatly alarmed us all three; it suggested such apprehensions of the fearful disturbances which were about to commence that we sent a gentleman to M. de Guise, to command him to return to his lodgings, and attempt nothing against the admiral. These orders would have stopped the entire affair, because it had been determined that nothing should be done elsewhere until the admiral was slain. The gentleman soon returned with the information that the counterman had come too late, for that the admiral was already dead, and that the executions had been commenced in various parts of the city. We, therefore, returned to our first resolution, and allowed matters to take their course.

Turn we now to another part of the palace—the chamber in which the Queen of Navarre reposed. Margaret's own description of the horrors which she witnessed needs no comment:—

An hour after dawn, (she says,) as I lay asleep, a man thundered at my door, shouting "Navarre! Navarre!" My nurse, supposing that it was my husband, who had gone out a few minutes previously, ran and opened the door. It was a gentleman, named Legan, bleeding from two severe wounds, and pursued by four soldiers of the guard, who followed him into my apartments. He flung himself on my bed for safety; I threw myself out at the side of the bed, and he followed, grasping me convulsively. I did not know the man; I could not tell whether he came to insult me or not, or whether the soldiers were attacking him or me. We both struggled, shouted out for aid and mercy, and were equally frightened. At length Heaven sent M. de Nançay, the captain of the guard, to my relief; who, though he pitied me, could not help laughing at my situation. He rebuked the soldiers for their indiscretion, and granted me the life of the poor man, whom I kept concealed in my closet until the danger was over. Having changed my night-dress, which was dabbled with blood, I heard from M. de Nançay what was passing. He assured me that my husband was safe in the king's apartment, and would receive no injury. Throwing a loose cloak over me, he led me to the room of my sister of Lorraine, which I reached more dead than alive. As I passed through the ante-chamber, the doors of which were open, a gentleman named Bourse, flying from the soldiers, was stabbed with a pike, not more than three paces from the spot on which I stood. I fell fainting into the arms of M. de Nançay, believing that one blow had pierced us both.

When I recovered, I went into the small room where my sister lay. Whilst I was there, M. de Messans, first gentleman in waiting to the king, my husband, and Annagnac, his valet de chambre, came to beg that I would save their lives. I went and threw myself on my knees before my mother and brother, and at length obtained my request.

Henry of Navarre was saved from death by the personal friendship of Charles, for Catherine was bent on his destruction. Margaret, however, informs us that he was exposed to much danger, from the capricious and uncertain temper of the king, and that she had a much larger share in ensuring her husband's safety than the world generally believed. She could not, however, save him from the mortification of accompanying the queen and her sons to see the mutilated body of the abbot suspended from the gibbet, at Montfaucon.

We need not describe the horrors of this awful morning; they have been too often repeated by historians. Lestoile, however, mentions two anecdotes which must not be omitted:—

A wretch called Thomas, commonly nicknamed the *Forger*, killed in his own house a councillor of parliament and canon of Notre Dame, though he was a good Catholic, as his testament proved after his death. The murderer, sanctioned by the king and the nobles—a matter horrible to relate—boasted publicly of the number of Huguenots that were his victims, declaring that he had killed eighty in one day. The miscreant sat down to table, having his hands and arms smeared with gore, saying that the taste gave him pleasure, because it was heretic blood. I could scarce have believed such an atrocity had I not myself seen it and heard the wretch's avowal from his own mouth.

The Italian, René, was one of the most sanguinary of the St. Bartholomew butchers. He was a man compounded of all sorts of cruelty and wickedness, who used to go round the prisons for the mere pleasure of stabbing Huguenots, and who lived on assassinations, robbery, and poisons. On the morning of the massacre, he invited a Huguenot jeweller to his house, under pretence of affording him shelter, and then cut his throat, after having stripped him of all his property. But the end of this man was awful; his whole family afforded a terrible example of divine vengeance, for he died on a dung-hill, his two sons were broken on the wheel, and his wife breathed her last in an hospital.

The massacre proved to be, not only the greatest of crimes, but the most perplexing of blunders. Civil war was renewed throughout the kingdom; in the agonies of painful disease Charles had his sufferings embittered by remorse of conscience, and died in all the desperate darkness of despair. Henry III. had to defend himself during the greater part of his reign against the Catholic league, and at last became the victim of a Jesuit assassin. Catherine, baffled in all her intrigues, and abandoned by the favorite son for whom she had committed so many atrocious crimes, went down in sorrow to the grave. The Duke of Guise was murdered by Henry, his associate in the murder of the admiral; and Henry of Navarre, whose destruction had been the chief object of the con-

spirators, witnessed the extinction of the House of Valois, and ascended the throne of France as Henry IV.

A characteristic incident must not be omitted. On the day following the massacre it was announced that a hawthorn had flowered out of season in the cemetery of the Innocents. Crowds flocked to see it. The priests proclaimed that it was a miraculous sign of the approbation of Heaven; the Huguenots declared that it was emblematic of the innocence of the victims; and both these opinions were maintained in songs and epigrams, which had rapid circulation in Paris. Lestiole fills several pages with a mere list of the libels and lampoons which appeared on both sides after the massacre. We have searched out, and consulted several, but have not found one which deserves to be rescued from oblivion. A medal was struck at Rome to celebrate the massacre.\* The pope had been much alarmed by the Huguenot inclinations of Charles, and hailed a crime which separated that monarch from the Protestants forever. But throughout the rest of Europe the intelligence was received with horror. Henry of Anjou records the reproaches he had to encounter in Germany, even from Catholic princes, when he passed through the country to assume the throne of Poland. The excitement in England was so great, that Frenchmen were afraid to appear in the streets of London; and Fenelon, the French ambassador, who believed that he had nearly brought the negotiations for a marriage between Queen Elizabeth and Alençon to a successful issue, was forced to write to his court that the English queen and her court would listen to him no longer. Catherine and Charles had recourse to a system of lame apologies and inconsistent excuses, which imposed upon nobody. Elizabeth, however, was forced to accept them, rather than irritate Charles into active interference in favor of the Queen of Scotland. In closing this dark page of European history we cannot avoid repeating that the horror of this atrocious massacre appears to be aggravated rather than lessened, by its being unpremeditated, and only adopted as a clumsy means of escaping the consequences of a meditated assassination.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

#### THE LAST MOMENTS OF TALLEYRAND.

WE are indebted to a valued friend and correspondent for an account of "THE LAST MOMENTS OF TALLEYRAND," written by one who was a witness and a participator in the incidents he describes. Our correspondent, in transmitting to us this important paper, which will be found on the first page of our journal to-day, assures us of the genuineness of the document, and that the writer (whose name is given us) "is the wife of that secretary who received the last breath of a man most remarkable in his time, and who, according

to the testimony of these, his humble friends, was one more sinned against than sinning."

It was scarcely four o'clock in the morning, May 17, 1838, when I bent my steps towards the old hotel in the Rue St. Florentine, with a mind full of sad misgivings, for when, at a late hour of the evening previous, I had quitted it, I had been but slightly encouraged that another day would be granted to its owner. The dull gray dawn was just appearing over the tall chestnut trees of the Tuilleries; all was silent, and as I pulled the heavy bell the reverberation of its sound was almost unearthly. The two stone figures of Silence which guarded the portal, humid and dripping with the morning fog, struck a chill to my soul, and the huge lions reminded me of the mute and motionless watchers sometimes carved upon the gates of a sepulchre. I did not stop at the porter's lodge to inquire news of the night, for the first object that met my eye was the physician's carriage, but ascended with all speed the grand stair-case I had so often mounted with very different feelings.

The ante-chamber was deserted, for the anxious domestics had crowded, one and all, to the apartment nearest to that of their beloved master, in order to obtain the earliest information respecting the progress of his malady. There never, perhaps, existed a person who, with so little apparent effort, possessed in so great a degree the power to control the affections of his dependants. Of those who were with him at that moment, all, with few exceptions, had grown gray in his service, while of those who had started in their career with him, in his early life, none remained; he had lived to see (he was past fourscore) all go down before him to the grave. The prince was always accustomed to treat his chief domestics as persons worthy of confidence. Many a subject of the highest importance, held in profound secrecy in the bureaux of the foreign office, has been discussed in all freedom of speech before his valet de chambre. This trust was never betrayed. The most remarkable of the whole tribe was the venerable Courtiade, one to whom, by reason of his long services, the prince allowed a greater latitude than to any other; his homely remarks and shrewd observations afforded him the greatest amusement. This man had entered his service long before the first revolution, accompanied him to America, and died, "still in those voluntary bonds," during the embassy to London. It was said that grief for being left in Paris, on account of his age and infirmities, hastened his end.

I have been led to this digression, because the chief pathos of the prince's death arose out of the unaffected manifestations of grief displayed by the humbler members of the household; these honest expressions, in the view of unsophisticated humanity, belong essentially to the character of the man. I entered the chamber of the veteran statesman; he had fallen into a profound slumber, from which some amendment was augured by the physicians. This lethargic sleep continued for about an hour

\* For a representation of this medal, see Dublin University Magazine, No. CXIV., for June, 1842.

after my arrival, and it was curious to observe, as time passed, the uneasiness which was expressed even by the nearest and dearest, (the children of his brother,) lest his repose, however salutary, should last beyond the hour fixed by the king to visit the dying man.

It was with some difficulty that he was roused, and made to comprehend the event that awaited him. He was lifted to receive this great honor, as it was deemed, from his reclining posture, and placed upright on the edge of the bed, when, punctual as the hand upon the dial, his majesty entered the apartment, followed by his sister, Madame Adelaide.

It was an historical picture, a study for a painter, to observe these two men seated side by side. It was startling to turn from the broad forehead, the calm, stoical countenance, with the long gray locks on both sides of it, giving a strange majesty to death, to the full figure of the king's person, surmounted by a well-arranged wig, and the whole ensemble *peu bourgeois*. At this early hour of the morning he was attired, according to custom, with the utmost precision. Despite the old faded dressing-gown of the one, and the elaborate costume of the other, the veriest barbarian could have told which was "the last of the nobles," and which the "first citizen" of the empire. His majesty was the first to break silence, as in etiquette bound to do. It would be difficult to define the expression which passed across his features as he contemplated what might be called the setting of his guiding star.

"I am sorry, prince, to see you suffering so much," said the king, in a low, tremulous voice, rendered almost inaudible by extreme emotion.

"Sire, you have come to witness the sufferings of a dying man, and those who love him can have but one wish—that of seeing them shortly at an end"—was the reply. This was uttered in a strong voice, which age had not weakened, nor the approach of death subdued. The effect of the speech, brief as it was, was indescribable, for it was expressed in a tone of reproach, which those who heard it will not soon forget. The royal visit, like all royal visits, of mere form, was of short duration. It was evident that Louis Philippe felt it to be an irksome occasion, and that he was at a loss to acquit himself satisfactorily. After a few words of consolation, he rose to take his leave, visibly pleased that the self-imposed task was at an end. Here the prince, with his usual tact, came to his relief; slightly rising, and introducing to his notice those by whom he was surrounded—his physician, his secretary, and his principal valet. A reminiscence of the old courtier seemed to come across him, for with his parting salutation he could not forbear a compliment. "Sire, our house has received, this day, an honor which my successors will remember with pride and gratitude."

I must confess I was grievously disappointed in the anticipations I had formed of this visit. I had looked upon it as the grateful farewell of the safely-landed voyager to the wise and skilful pilot who

had steered him successfully through rock and breaker, and now was pushing off alone into hidden depths to be seen no more. But no, there was only the impatience, ill-concealed, of one to whom the scene was painful. That it was painful who can doubt? There was, too, an evident self-applause in the performance of a disagreeable duty; but not the slightest expression of friendship and attachment, such as I had presumed in some sort bound these great personages together. A friend of mine, a man of sense and discernment, to whom I made this observation, replied, "It is plain that the king has no fear to see him die; but wait a while, and we shall see that he will have reason to regret that he should be dead."

It was a kind of relief, during this constrained interview, to perceive the anxious feminine flurry of Madame Adelaide. She seemed to suffer much uneasiness lest the coldness of her royal brother should be noticed, and endeavored, by a kindly display of busy politeness, to make amends, as it were, for what was wanting elsewhere.

I should not have dwelt thus minutely upon the details of this occasion, had it not been viewed in another light by many. Astonishment and admiration have been expressed at this remarkable act of condescension on the part of Louis Philippe, as though royalty were exempt from the debt of manly and honorable gratitude. Not one of the sovereigns under whom he had served but would have hurried to the death-bed of this, their great counsellor.

Shortly after the departure of the king, symptoms of dissolution became apparent. The whole family immediately gathered round the bed. The Duke de P. was then among the number. Solemn as was the moment, I could not divest myself of a satirical observation I remembered to have been made by the prince upon this personage. Not long before, the former had received a ceremonious visit from the duke, and after his formal leave-taking, he remarked, "One would think, by the duke's melancholy visage, he had been sent by an undertaker to take orders for a funeral."

Towards the middle of the day, the prince still breathing, I withdrew for a moment from the close air of his chamber and passed into his drawing-room. Verily I was astounded at the scene I there encountered. Never shall I forget the transition from the silent room, the bed of suffering, to that crowded saloon. There "troops of friends," and all the *elect*, so regarded, of Parisian society, were congregated. There was a knot of busy politicians, with ribbons at their button-holes, gathered about the fire; their animated conversation, conducted in a low tone, filled the apartment with its unceasing murmur. I observed a few of the diplomatist's oldest friends, who had come hither from sincere concern for him, who took no part in conversation. In one corner was seated a *coterie* of ladies discussing topics entirely foreign to the time and place. Sometimes a low burst of light laughter would issue from among them, in spite of the reprimanding "hush" which issued from another quarter of

the room. On the sofa, near the window, reclined the young and beautiful Duchess de V. with a bevy of young beaux, all sitting around her on the cushions of the divan.

All this carried me back to the days of Louis Quatorze, and the death-bed of Cardinal Mazarin. There was the same indifference, the same weariness of expectation. Some were gathered there from respect to the family, some from curiosity, some from mere idleness, and a few from real friendship. These last alone seemed to remember that a mighty spirit was passing from the earth, and that they were there assembled during a mortal struggle. Presently, silence fell upon all, for a door which led to the prince's room opened, and one of the servants entering, with a most portentous countenance, went up to Dr. C., who had accompanied me to the salon, and whispered a few words in his ear. They were instinctively comprehended. The physician proceeded directly to the prince, and all who were present crowded after him. M. Talleyrand was seated on the bedside, reclining upon his secretary. He looked round, and appeared to take cognizance of all present. His face was lit up by an expression which seemed to say, "I yield to the last enemy; not conquered, but surrendering willingly." By many present he was regarded with veneration and gratitude—by all with the involuntary homage which true greatness ever commands. The aged friend of his maturity, the fair young idol of his age, knelt down together near him, and if the words of comfort whispered by the priest did not reach his failing sense, it was because their sound was stifled by the irrepressible sobs of those he loved.

Ere nightfall the chamber, which had been crowded to excess, was emptied, and the report had flown from it, in every direction, that Talleyrand was dead. The servants of the tomb did their office, and when I entered it in the evening, I found there only a faithful servant, and a hired priest; the latter murmuring prayers for the repose of the parted soul. The deepest solemnity pervaded the household; and while the body remained in the hotel it was duly visited by the servants. The interment did not take place until the following week, when the corpse was conveyed to the Church of the Assumption, and thence removed to the family vault at Valençay. I myself, in the mean time, saw the cook, and all his retinue of helpers, in snow-white garments, daily proceed to the chamber of death, kneel around the bed, and each breathe a short prayer, then, after sprinkling the corpse with holy water, quit the room in the same order in which they had entered it. There was something very affecting in this expression of piety and humble attachment.

I resolved to accompany the corpse to Valençay. In my long intercourse with the departed, he had been all kindness to me, and I wished to pay my last duty to him. He was the last of his generation. Not long before the death of the prince, his amiable, simple-hearted brother, the Duke de Talleyrand, had paid the debt of nature. They

were to be interred in one common tomb, together with the little Yolande, an infant daughter of the Duke de V. The bodies were accordingly removed at midnight from the Church of the Assumption, upon a hearse resembling an ammunition wagon. We arrived at Valençay on the third day after our departure from Paris; and it was about ten o'clock at night that the worn and dust-covered hearse was despatched wending its way up the long chestnut avenue leading to the chateau. Every honor which had been paid to the lord of the mansion during his life was now rendered with scrupulous exactness to his lifeless form.

The wide gates were thrown open to admit the sombre vehicle, which entered the court as the stately carriage of other days. The whole of the family, the heir of the domain, the Duke de Valençay, in advance of the rest, were assembled on the person. The prince's nephew himself took his seat in front of the hearse; to conduct it into the town; the array of servants, and huntsmen, and foresters, all following on foot, and bearing torches, to the church wherein the body was deposited, previous to the final ceremony.

Early the next morning all was astir in the burgh. Not a window but was crowded with spectators, and the footway was choked with peasants from the neighboring country, all dressed in their gayest attire. The national guard of the town was afoot from the earliest hour in the morning; and altogether so animated was the aspect of the place, a stranger would have presumed it were a feast day, and not a funeral. The corpse of the duke had been brought without parade from St. Germain, attended only by his physician. His coffin had none of the usual trappings affixed to it, but the difference was soon hidden from invidious comparison; one pall covered the plain planks and the rich velvet. A long stream of melody arose to heaven, one prayer for the repose of the brothers; alike for him who died in wealth and honor, whose intellect, powerful to the last, had exerted a vast sway over men's minds for more than half a century, and for him who had closed his eyes in solitude and neglect, while his mind had sunk almost to fatuity.

Both were transported to the chapel of St. Andre, founded by the prince himself, and wherein he had placed the family vault. His body was the first to descend, amid the firing of muskets, and other noisy demonstrations; then, in unbroken silence, slid down the iron grating, the coffin of the duke; and last of all, that of the child Yolande. It was covered with white velvet, edged with silver, and seemed rather the casket of a lady's toilet than a receptacle of decay. The vault was closed, and all was over. Each one present had contributed to pay the last tribute to a great man. We returned to the chateau. The new master had provided liberally for refection of all who had attended the funeral.

It was then we began to look around, and to feel some curiosity to know who had shared with us in rendering the last homage to one, who was

truly entitled to the gratitude of the whole nation. We gazed right and left; but few were to be seen, and those few had *served him* faithfully and well—the grateful domestic, the humble friend. But of all the great ones of the earth, whom *he had served*, many of whom owed to him their greatness and their honors, there was not ONE!

From the N. Y. Evening Post

#### THE LAST BOURBON.

Those who have read the history of the early days of the French Revolution will remember that there was no satisfactory account of the disappearance of the young dauphin, the son and heir of Louis XVI. He was imprisoned for a long time; one account reported that he died in prison, and another that he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, whose neglect and harsh treatment soon brought him to the grave. Several pretenders have appeared in Europe at different times. At this critical period, a new claimant appears in the wilds of the Northwest. The person is the Rev. Eleazar Williams, of Green Bay, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal church, and chief of the Oneida Indians of the west.

Mr. Williams has been made to believe that an old Frenchman, who died a few years ago in Louisiana, made disclosures at the time of his decease to the effect that he had been entrusted with the person of the young dauphin for effectual concealment, and that he had brought him to America, took him far into the interior, and procured his adoption by an Indian chief, in Canada, who would pass him for his own son. Mr. Williams has always been regarded as a descendant of the daughter of Rev. John Williams, of Deerfield—was educated at Dartmouth College, has always been received by the Williams' as their kinsman, was patronized by the late Rev. Solomon Williams, of Northampton, Sheriff Williams, of Wethersfield, Dr. Nathan Williams, of Tolland, Rev. R. S. Storrs, of —, Mr. Stebbins, of West Haven, &c. Without finishing his education, he returned among the Indians of Canada, and finally joined the Oneida tribe in this state, where he received orders from Bishop Hobart.

Since the removal of a section of the Oneidas to Green Bay, Mr. Williams has devoted himself chiefly to secular pursuits, has a large farm, &c. He was active and successful in procuring for his people the rights of citizenship in the territory of Wisconsin. The writer of this was happy to render him some little service in facilitating his residence at Washington, while in pursuit of this object.

The intimation that he was the lost dauphin of France, was communicated to him before the revolution of February. In fact, his letter to me on this subject was written before he had heard of that event. I caused an intimation of these statements to be published in the Boston Chronotype, nearly a year ago, but without naming the party. The announcement did not then produce the sensation which it deserved.

Mr. Williams has received some quite peculiar attentions from Prince de Joinville and King Louis Philippe. He has also received intimations from other quarters, and there is a mystery about his origin and position. I saw him in the month of

October last, when the thickening of events in France evidently agitated his mind in some degree. The recent publication in a Buffalo paper, which, I presume, was not made without his cognizance, removes the necessity for further reserve.

Mr. Williams is, I think, a man who fears God and means to do right to his fellow-men—a man of gentlemanly deportment, good acquaintance with mankind, sound judgment, and great benevolence—a man quite incapable of lending himself to any scheme of imposture or reckless adventure. He will shrink from no duty which the providence of God may cast upon him; and will discharge every trust he may receive with singular fidelity and disinterested integrity. Nothing but a consciousness of duty performed or trials endured as becomes a Christian, can compensate him for the breaking up of the peace which he had just secured for himself when this disclosure came upon him.

His personal appearance, the Bourbon head and figure, will be taken by many as a corroborative circumstance. Others will not unreasonably conjecture, that the accidental resemblance has given occasion to the story. There is one historic difficulty, of no slight importance, to wit, Mr. Williams' entire want of recollection of any of the scenes through which the young dauphin passed during those eventful years, in the palace and the prison. Some rational explanation, sustained by proof, should be given on this point. J. L.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

#### THE CLOSING YEARS OF DEAN SWIFT'S LIFE.\*

THIS is a volume of no ordinary interest. To the medical inquirer it gives such details as can be now recovered of cerebral disease, extending over a period of fifty-five years—the particular symptoms described by the sufferer himself—for the most part, in confidential letters to intimate friends—that sufferer the most accurate observer of whatever came within his reach, of any man gifted with the same degree of genius that has ever used the English language as a medium of communication, and the man of all others who has, on most subjects, expressed himself with such distinctness, that we do not remember, in any case, a doubt as to the precise meaning of a sentence in his works, although those works are on subjects which actuate and influence the passions, and although he has often written in a dictatorial tone of authority, which of itself provokes resistance, and therefore forces readers into something more than the unquestioning indolence in which we are satisfied to look over most books. Mr. Wilde has given us Swift's own account of Swift's distemper. But the interest of this volume is not to the medical inquirer alone. The relation of intimate friendship in which Swift and Stella lived for some five-and-twenty years, and the mystery thrown over it by a number of idle guesses which have found their way into the biographies of Swift, have led Mr. Wilde to other inquiries, in themselves not unamusing. He has brought together, from ob-

\* "The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life; with an Appendix, containing several of his Poems hitherto unpublished, and some remarks on Stella." By W. R. Wilde, M. R. I. A., F. R. C. S. 8 vo. Dublin: Hodges & Smith, Grafton street. 1842.

sure and forgotten sources, some of the explanations which were given of parts of Swift's conduct, by persons who had peculiar means of information as to some of the circumstances of the case. Mr. Wilde has given us two portraits of Stella, neither of which had been before engraved; and the volume is closed by a number of poems, found in the hand-writing of Swift, and some of which are probably of his composition, in an interleaved copy of an old almanac, lent to Mr. Wilde for the purposes of this essay.

The history of this volume is this:—Dr. Mackenzie, of Glasgow, writes to Mr. Wilde to learn whether there is any record of Swift's disease known, either to Mr. Wilde or to the readers of the *Dublin Medical Journal*, a work edited by Mr. Wilde. It occurred to Mr. Mackenzie that there might be something preserved on the subject either in the deanery or in Trinity College. The first part of Mr. Wilde's book is a reply to this question, and was originally published in Mr. Wilde's journal.

Of the disease itself, Mr. Wilde gives us Swift's own description:—

Swift, writing to Mrs. Howard, in 1727, thus describes the commencement of his complaint:—“About two hours before you were born—(consequently in 1690)—I got my *giddiness* by eating a hundred golden pippins at a time, at Richmond; and when you were four years and a quarter old, bating two days, having made a fine seat, about twenty miles further in Surrey, where I used to read—and, there I got my *deafness*; and these two friends have visited me, one or other, every year since; and, being old acquaintance, have now thought fit to come together.” Overloading the stomach, in the manner described, and catching cold by sitting on a damp, exposed seat, were very apt to produce both these complaints—neither of which, when once established, was likely to be easily removed from a system so nervous, and with a temper so irritable, and a mind so excessively active, as that of Swift's. From this period a disease which, in all its symptoms and by its fatal termination, plainly appears to have been (in its commencement at least) *cerebral congestion*, set in, and exhibited itself in well-marked periodic attacks which, year after year, increased in intensity and duration.—pp. 8, 9.

While living in the country, and with his mind comparatively at ease, he made but few complaints. It is probable that his disease gave him but little trouble while at Laracor; but whether it did or not, we have little opportunity of any knowledge, as few of his letters are dated from his parsonage. He had not formed at that time his acquaintanceships and friendships with the great persons, in passages of his letters to whom we find these occasional notices of his health; and Stella and Mrs. Dingley were living in his immediate vicinity, so that there are no letters to them of that date. Swift was a shrewd observer of human nature, and dwelling on his deafness and giddiness to those who suffered from similar ailments, seems to have been a piece of skilful flattery. We have not time to look over the correspondence for the pur-

pose of proving this; but the reader, who turns to his letters to Mrs. Howard, will find instances illustrative of what we mean. In the journal to Stella, we find the following entry:—“I have no fits of giddiness, but only some little disorders towards it, and I walk as much as I can. Lady Kerry is just as I am, only a deal worse. I dined to-day at Lord Shelburne's, where she is, and we con ailments, *which makes us very fond of each other.*” In another note in the same journal, we find this—“Did I ever tell you that the lord treasurer hears ill with the left ear, just as I do? He always turns the right, and his servants whisper to him in that only. I dare not tell him that I am so too, *for fear that he should think that I counterfeited to make my court.*” In one of Swift's letters to Archbishop King, we find him saying—“I have been so extremely ill with an old disorder in my head that I was unable to write to your grace.” And in a letter of King's to him, inadvertently quoted by Mr. Wilde as a letter from Swift to King, we find King complaining, in Swift's temper, of very much the same symptoms as Swift is perpetually describing. In the journal to Stella, we find Swift again recurring to the effect of cordiality being created by identity of suffering—“I was this morning with poor Lady Kerry, who is much worse in her head than I. She sends me bottles of her bitter, and we are so fond of one another, because our ailments are the same. Do you know that, Madam Stell? Have I not seen you conning ailments with Joe's wife and some others, sirrah?” Mr. Wilde must have looked back almost with envy on the golden harvest of blighted ears that presented itself to the physicians of that auspicious time.

It is remarkable that several of Swift's friends suffered from symptoms somewhat similar to his own. Thus Harley, Gay, Mrs. Barber, Pope, Mrs. Howard, Lady Germain, Arbuthnot, and others, all suffered from what is popularly termed “a fulness of blood to the head.”—p. 37.

Swift's deafness was of the left ear. Towards the close of life, at one time his left eye was fearfully affected. “About six weeks ago, in one night's time, his left eye swelled as large as an egg, and the left Mr. Nichols thought would mortify. \* \* \* Five persons could scarce hold him for a week from tearing out his eyes.” This is Mrs. Whiteway's language, who adds—“He is now free from torture; his eye almost well,” thus showing that but one eye suffered. In many passages, where he speaks of tottering, we find nothing to fix the fact of whether the one side was affected more than the other; but this, too, is established by a passage which Mr. Wilde quotes from the journal to Stella—“*My left hand is very weak and trembles*, but my right side has not been touched.” It seems plain, then, that there was paralysis of the left side.

It would seem, from several passages, that Swift took too much wine and that he poisoned himself with snuff—“By Dr. Radcliffe's advice, he left off bohea tea, which he had observed to disagree

with him frequently before." We suspect, therefore, that in this luxury he had indulged too much.

Mr. Wilde does not think there is any evidence of Swift's being subject to epileptic fits, as is stated by many of his biographers. The mistake, if it be such, he thinks, arises from the frequent recurrence in his letters of "fits of giddiness," &c. The language is equivocal, and we think there is something to be said for the interpretation put upon it by non-medical readers. Take this sentence, for instance:—"I dined with the secretary, and found my head very much out of order, but no absolute fit; and I have not been well all this day. It has shook me a little."

We wish we had room for extracts from this most interesting volume. It is really a wonderful thing to see, after an interval of a century, a scientific man inferring the true character of a disease, that baffled the eminent men of Swift's own day:—

In answer to a recommendation of Mr. Pulteney's on the subject of physicians, the Dean in his answer of the 7th of March, 1737, writes: "I have esteemed many of them as learned and ingenious men; but I never received the least benefit from their advice or prescriptions. And poor Dr. Arbuthnot was the only man of the faculty who seemed to understand my case, but could not remedy it. But to conquer five physicians,\* all eminent in their way, was a victory that Alexander and Caesar could never pretend to. I desire that my prescription of living may be published (which you design to follow) for the benefit of mankind; which, however, I do not value a rush, nor the animal itself, as it now acts; neither will I ever value myself as a Philanthropus, because it is now a creature (taking a vast majority) that I hate more than a toad, a viper, a wasp, a stork, a fox, or any other that you will please to add."—p. 40.

Nothing can be more affecting than the exhibition of the gradual decay and deterioration of the instruments by which the mind acts. Insanity, in the proper sense of the word, Mr. Wilde does not regard as having existed in Swift's case. There was the weakness of old age, and the childishness that accompanies it. He would, at times, utter incoherent words and syllables. "But," says Mr. Deane Swift, writing to Lord Orrery, "he never yet, as far as I could hear, talked nonsense, or said a foolish thing." There was a long period, we believe of more than a year, in which he was wholly silent, with but one or two recorded interruptions. A negligent servant girl blew out a candle in his chamber, and the smell offended him; she was told by him she was "*a nasty slut.*" A servant man was breaking a large, stubborn coal, and he told him, "*That's a stone, you blackguard.*" On another occasion, not finding words to express something he wished, he exhibited much uneasiness, and said, "*I am a fool.*" When

insanity is spoken of, it is not possible to be very accurate, and we suppose that in denying the existence of insanity in this case, Mr. Wilde does not, in reality, mean very much more than Hawkesworth had long ago expressed. "Some intervals of sensibility and reason, after his madness, seemed to prove that his disorder, whatever it was, had not destroyed, but only suspended, the powers of his mind." The question is, after all, but one of language. Mr. Wilde has shown, almost to demonstration, that Swift's was organic disease of the brain; and many writers—we believe, among others, Dr. Conolly—would say that in this consisted *insanity*, calling mere functional disease "mental derangement." In Swift's life and conduct—in his caprice—in his violent passions—in his oddities—even in his vindictive patriotism—in his misanthropy, whether it be regarded as a pretence or a reality—in the morbid delight with which he dwells on disgusting images, we see very distinct traces of incipient disease. We exclude from our consideration, in coming to this conclusion, the language of his epitaph in St. Patrick's cathedral, breathing resentment—"Hic depositum est corpus Jonathan Swift, *ubi sara indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit.*" We exclude the strange humor exhibited in the half-serious bequests in his will. We exclude a hundred well-authenticated extravagancies of conduct, some of them accompanied with circumstances which could not but be felt as intolerably insulting to his friends, because all these things are consistent with states of mind, which no one calls by the name of insanity except in metaphorical language, but when conduct, unintelligible on any ordinary principle, exists, and when we have the additional fact of organic disease of the brain, we think it is hypercriticism in Mr. Wilde to fall out with the application of the term *insanity*, to a case so circumstanced.

An interesting part of Mr. Wilde's book is an account of the examination of the head of Swift, in 1835, by Surgeons Houston and Hamilton. About the middle of the last century, frequent floods of the Poddle river, and the insufficiency of sewers to carry off the superabundant water, occasioned much injury to St. Patrick's cathedral.\* One of the last acts of the dean was an effort to remedy this; and when he directed that he should be buried in Ireland, he requested that his body should be deposited in any *dry* part of the cathedral. "It is remarkable," says Mr. Wilde, "that the continuance of damp and inundations, in the year 1835, was the cause of his remains being disturbed."

It would be altogether out of the province of this journal to follow Dr. Wilde in his account of the details of the examination. Dr. Houston, describing the head, says—"The bones cannot be regarded as free from indications of previous chronic disease. There are certainly no marks of caries or of fungus growth on any part of the head, but the condition of the cerebral surface of

\* "We know of at least eight medical men who attended Swift at different times, viz., Sir Patrick Dun, Drs. Arbuthnot, Radcliffe, Cockburn, Helsham, and Gratten, and Surgeons, Nichols and Whiteway." We doubt the fact of Swift's having been attended by Sir Patrick Dun; and do not know on what authority Mr. Wilde's statement of the fact rests.

\* Mason's "History of St. Patrick's."

the whole frontal region, is evidently of a character indicating the presence, during lifetime, of diseased action in the adjacent membranes of the brain." Some doubt was for a while entertained of the remains examined by Dr. Houston being those of Swift at all. The phrenologists did not like the head—it did not accord with any of the then theories; but that the head was Swift's there could be no doubt. Among other proofs is this, that it exhibited the marks of a *post mortem* examination made immediately after his death:—

What the exact recent appearances were we have not been enabled to discover. If they were known to, they have not been handed down by any of Swift's many biographers. We have made diligent search among the newspapers and periodicals of the day, but have not been able to discover anything further than that which is already known, viz., that his head was opened after death, when it was found that his brain was "loaded with water." To this may be added the tradition of old Brennan, his servant, who, according to Dr. Houston, on the authority of Mr. Maguire, boasted, "that he himself had been present at the operation, and that he even held the basin in which the brain was placed after its removal from the skull. He told, moreover, that there was brain mixed with water to such an amount as to fill the basin, and by their quantity to call forth expressions of astonishment from the medical gentlemen engaged in the examination."—pp. 60, 61.

Wilde gives a profile view of Swift's cranium from a drawing by Mr. Hamilton, and then tells us—

In its great length, in the antero-posterior diameter, its low anterior development, prominent frontal sinuses, comparative lowness at the vertex, projecting nasal bones, and large posterior projection, it resembles, in a most extraordinary manner, those skulls of the so-called Celtic aborigines of Northern Europe, of which we have elsewhere given a description, and which are found in the early tumuli of this people throughout Ireland.—p. 62.

The way in which Mr. Wilde, from concurring pieces of evidence, has elicited some of the details of this remarkable case, can scarcely be exhibited without quoting his own language. The following passage remarkably exemplifies his sagacity:—

After the dean's death, and subsequently to the *post mortem* examination, a plaster mask was taken from his face, and from this a bust was made, which is now in the museum of the university, and which, notwithstanding its possessing much of the cadaverous appearance, is, we are strongly inclined to believe, the best likeness of Swift—during, at least, the last few years of his life—now in existence. The annexed engraving accurately and faithfully represents a profile view of the right side of this bust, the history of which it is here necessary to relate. This old bust, which has remained in the museum of Trinity college from a period beyond the memory of living man, has been generally believed to be the bust of Swift; but as there was no positive proof of its being so, it has been passed over by all his biographers, except Scott and Monck Mason, the former of whom thus describes it: "In

the museum of Trinity college, Dublin, there is a dark plaster bust or cast of Dean Swift. It is an impression taken from the mask applied to the face after death. The expression of countenance is most unequivocally maniacal, and one side of the mouth (the left) horribly contorted downwards, as if convulsed by pain." He further adds: "It is engraved for Mr. Barrett's essay;" but if it was, it never appeared, and has never before been published, either with or without Barrett's essay.\* Sir Walter has greatly exaggerated the amount of contortion which the face exhibits; on the contrary, the expression is remarkably placid, but there is an evident drag in the left side of the mouth, exhibiting a paralysis of the facial muscles of the right side, which we have reason to believe, existed for some years previous to his death, for we find the same appearance, (though much glossed over by the artist,) together with a greater fulness or plumpness, of the right cheek, shown in a very admirable marble bust of Swift, (probably the last ever taken,) in the possession of Mr. Watkins, the picture-dealer, of this city. Here, then, we have another and a very important and well-marked feature in this very interesting case, brought to light above a hundred years after death. But before we proceed with the evidence adduced by the bust, it becomes necessary to prove its identity, which, until now, could not be done satisfactorily. Upon the back of this cast, and running nearly from ear to ear, we find two lines of writing, greatly defaced, and a part of the upper and middle lines completely obliterated.† This much, however, can still be read:

"*Dean Swift, taken off his* \* \* \* \* \*  
*the night of his burial, and the f* \* \* \* \* \*  
*one side larger than the other in nature.*  
\* \* \* \* \* *Opened before.* \* \* \* \* \* *The*  
*mould is in pieces.*"‡

Still this proof was inconclusive; but a deep indentation running nearly parallel with the brow, shows us where the calvarium had been sawn, and the pericranium drawn over it subsequently, and this indentation accurately corresponds with the division of the skull found in Swift's coffin, in 1835, thus proving uncontestedly the identity of both: they also correspond in the breadth, height, and general outline and measurements of the forehead, allowing about three sixteenths of an inch for the thickness of the integuments. Posteriorly, however, the bust and skull do not correspond; nevertheless this fact does not in any way militate against our argument, but rather tends to strengthen it, for, upon a careful examination of the bust, it is at once manifest that all the posterior part is fictitious, and evidently finished out, and modelled in clay, and afterwards the plaster rasped down according to the eye of the artist, as may be seen in the annexed engraving. It was made in two parts,

\* In Nicholl's edition of Sheridan's Life and Writings of Swift, we find a full-face portrait of the dean, said to have been taken the night after his death. It was this, perhaps, led Sir Walter into the error we have alluded to. Mr. M. Mason supposed, but without adducing any evidence to support his assertion, that the engraving in Sheridan's Life of Swift was taken from this bust. We are inclined to believe Mr. Nicholl's statement that the engraving was made from a picture taken after death."

† "We are indebted to Mr. Ball, the able director of the museum of the university, for permission to publish this drawing, which was made by Mr. G. Du Noyer, and cut by Mr. Hanlon."

‡ "The original mask remained in the museum, T. C. D., till within a few years ago, when it was accidentally destroyed."

and the difference in surface between the hinder part and the smooth, polished, anterior portion, at once stamps it as fictitious. There is no ear upon the left side, and that upon the right was evidently taken off the body separately, and afterwards fitted into the bust. That it was a cast from the ear of Swift, the reader has only to look at Lord Orrery's portrait, or any of the busts of the dean, to be convinced, for Swift's ear was of a very peculiar formation.

This bust, like the skull, is quite edentulous; the nose slightly turned to the left side, and the *left eye* much less full and prominent than the right; in fact it is comparatively *sunken and collapsed* within the orbit. It is well known that Swift had remarkably large, full, and prominent blue eyes. We may, perhaps, account for the hinder portion of the bust being constructed in the manner I have described, by the fact of the dean having a quantity of long, white hair on the back of his head, which his attendants would not permit to be either removed or injured by taking the mould.—pp. 63-67.

We find Mr. Wilde expressing surprise “that Swift did not become deranged years previously. \* \* \* But that Swift was either mad in middle life, or mad or imbecile in late years, as tried and tested by the meaning and definition of these terms, as laid down by the most esteemed authors, has not been proved.” In all this we differ from Mr. Wilde. We think it would be difficult to frame any definition of insanity which would exclude such a case as Swift's. The mere fact of the logical powers still existing in unimpaired vigor, is little to the purpose; for we are not quite sure that one of the characteristics of insanity is not the self-willed and disputative temper that disregards every consideration of time, and place, and circumstance. When there is conduct such as Swift's, and with it organic disease of the brain, we think it approaches to certainty that the two are connected; and from a very early period, we think Swift had ground enough to predict, as he did predict, the melancholy termination of a disease which we cannot call by any other name than that of insanity. This is, however, after all, a mere question of words. We agree in Mr. Wilde's description of Swift's case, and if the existence of some morbid delusion, irresistibly overbearing reason, be necessary to constitute the notion of insanity, we do not think that any such delusion existed.

Mr. Wilde tells us that there is a general belief that Swift was the first patient in his own hospital, “although,” as he adds, “it was not erected for several years after his death.” Mr. Wilde refers this popular belief to a careless expression of Lord Orrery's. Speaking of Swift's state after 1742, he says—“His rage increased absolutely to a degree of madness; in this miserable state, he seemed to be appointed as the first proper inhabitant of his own hospital, especially as from an outrageous lunatic he sank afterwards into a quiet, speechless idiot, and dragged out the remainder of his life in that helpless situation.”

We think the fact of Swift's marriage with Stella has been too easily believed. It was first published by Lord Orrery, many years after Swift's death.

The evidence on which the report rests has been examined by Mr. Mason in his “History of St. Patrick's,” and we cannot but agree in his conclusion that the balance of probabilities is greatly against any ceremony of marriage having ever taken place. Mr. Wilde believes the fact of a marriage, and that on the day of its celebration it was communicated to Swift that both he and Stella were children of Sir William Temple. The circumstances of Swift's birth render the fact of his being Temple's son impossible;\* and if there were any object in examining the evidence as to Stella, when the case as to Swift is disposed of, as to her too, it is, above measure, unlikely. She and her mother were both brought from Lady Giffard's house to Temple's, and Stella was educated under Lady Temple's care—a fact in itself, perhaps, not inconsistent with the supposition which Mr. Wilde countenances; but assuredly her mother, were the story of her being Temple's mistress true, would not be allowed to reside in the same house with Lady Temple in any capacity whatever. We think if there was any deeper mystery in Swift's not marrying than the absorbing passion of saving money, and the fear of the expenses that marriage would bring with it, it most probably was his consciousness of lurking insanity, which he feared to transmit to children. His uncle, Godwin Swift, had died in a state not very different from that in which the last years of Swift's life were passed; and as Mr. Mason reasonably suggests, Swift might have known in his family other instances of the same malady, of which we have now no record.

An interesting document, for the first time published in Wilde's book, is Stella's will. It is in her maiden name—on our theory, she had no other—but this incident has been laid hold of by Swift's biographers as a proof that she felt impatiently towards him. So far from this, we agree with Mr. Wilde that the will must have been drawn up by Swift himself, or under his immediate directions. In both Swift's will and hers, certain of the bequests are given only during the continuance of the present Established Episcopal Church as the national religion of the kingdom. This alone would, as Mr. Wilde says, point to one author of both wills.

It is quite impossible in a notice of this kind to bring forward all that is new in Mr. Wilde's remarkable book. A very interesting part of it is his criticism on the portraits of Stella. The picture in Mr. Berwick's possession, which Scott believed to be genuine, is disproved by its having brown, not black hair. Mr. Wilde himself gives us two, which have not been before engraved—one a medallion painted on one of the walls at Delville—Delany's residence—which tradition calls a portrait of Stella; another—and this manifestly the picture of a very beautiful woman—engraved as the frontispiece to Mr. Wilde's book, answers every description of Stella, and is confirmed (as far as there can be confirmation of such a kind) by the skull of Stella as

\* “Swift's parents resided in Ireland from before 1665 until his birth in 1667; and Temple was residing as ambassador in Holland, from April, 1666, to January, 1668.”—*Scott.*

exhibited in 1835. It was in the possession of the Fords of Woodpark, where Stella had been some months in 1723, "where," says Mr. Wilde, "it was probably painted."

It remained, along with an original picture of Swift, at Woodpark for many years, with an unbroken thread of tradition attached to it, till it came, with the property and effects of the Ford family, into the possession of the Preston family. It now belongs to Mr. Preston of Bellinter, through whose kindness we have been permitted to engrave it. The hair is jet black, the eyes dark to match, the forehead high and expansive, the nose rather prominent, and the features generally regular and well-marked. Notwithstanding that it has not been highly worked by the artist, there is a "pale cast of thought" and an indescribable expression about this picture, which heighten the interest its historic recollections awaken. She is attired in a plain white dress, with a blue scarf; and around her bust a blue ribbon, to which a locket appears to be attached; and she wears a white and red rose. It is a very good full-sized oil painting, and matches one of the dean, which is likewise preserved in the same family. It may have been painted by Jervas, who was a particular friend of Swift's.—p. 120.

Mr. Wilde's volume closes with a number of political poems, some of them very spirited, which have been found in Swift's handwriting; but as among them are some transcripts from well-known poems of others, it is impossible, from the single circumstance of their being in Swift's handwriting, to infer anything as to the authorship. Many of them are, however, very curious, and some of them may be, and probably are, Swift's.

To the future biographer of Swift this volume will be truly valuable. There is not a page of it that does not supply much that is new. Its great value is, no doubt, the accurate examination of a very singular case of disease, exhibited with such perspicuity of detail, as even to be interesting to readers who would, in ordinary circumstances, lay aside what would seem at first to be a mere professional essay. But in addition to this its great merit, there is the illustration which it throws on every part of Swift's life, and the refutation which it contains of many popular errors. Scott's life of Swift is an exceedingly amusing romance, weaving together whatever he found related of his hero by any one and every one. We, however, agree with Mr. Wilde in thinking Mr. Mason's "Life of Swift" the best that we have. M. Wilde's own volume, in every point of view in which we can consider it, is a most valuable addition to the literature of his country.

From the *Literary World*.

MELVILLE'S NEW BOOK—MARDI.

THE new work by HERMAN MELVILLE, in the succession of "Typee" and "Omoo," though of quite an independent character, will be immediately issued, being published simultaneously by Messrs. Harper in this city, and Bentley in London. It is entitled "Mardi: and a Voyage Thither." From a perusal of a part of the proof sheets, it is evident to us that so far from any flagging from

the interest of his previous works, "Mardi" is, as might have been anticipated, an onward development, with new traits of all the fine literary qualities of those productions. The invention is bolder, the humor as strong, sometimes more subtle, while the felicitous descriptive power at once tells the story, and insinuates a thousand compliments to the reader's understanding, by putting him in communication with so much beyond—in brief, a right enjoyable brace of volumes. Fairly divided in choice between a dozen chapters before us, we select one from the heart of the book:

TAJI SITS DOWN TO DINNER WITH FIVE-AND-TWENTY KINGS, AND A ROYAL TIME THEY HAVE.

It was afternoon when we emerged from the defile. And informed that our host was receiving his guests in the House of the Afternoon, thither we directed our steps.

Soft in our face, blew the blessed breezes of Omi, stirring the leaves overhead; while, here and there, through the trees, showed the idol-bearers of the royal retreat, hand in hand, linked with festoons of flowers. Still beyond, on a level, sparkled the nodding crowns of the kings, like the constellation Corona-Borealis, the horizon just gained.

Close by his noon-tide friend, the cascade at the mouth of the grotto, reposed on his crimson mat, Donjalolo:—arrayed in a vestment of the finest white tappa of Mardi, figured all over with bright yellow lizards, so curiously stained in the gauze, that he seemed overrun, as with golden mice.

Marjora's girdle girdled his loins, tasseled with the congregated teeth of his sires. A jewelled turban-tiara, milk-white, surmounted his brow, over which waved a copse of Pintado plumes.

But what sways in his hand! A sceptre, similar to those likenesses of sceptres, imbedded among the corals at his feet. A polished thigh-bone; by Braid-Beard declared once Teei's the Murdered. For to emphasize his intention utterly to rule, Marjora himself had selected this emblem of dominion over mankind.

But even this last despite done to dead Teei had once been transcended. In the usurper's time, prevailed the belief, that the saliva of kings must never touch ground; and Mohi's Chronicles made mention that during the lifetime of Marjora, Teei's skull had been devoted to the basest of purposes: Marjora's, the hate no turf could bury.

Yet, traditions like these ever seem dubious. There be many who deny the hump, moral and physical, of Gloster Richard.

Still advancing unperceived, in social hilarity we descried their highnesses, chattering together like the most plebeian of mortals; full as merry as the monks of old. But marking our approach, all changed. A pair of potentates, who had been playfully trifling, hurriedly adjusted their diadems, threw themselves into attitudes, looking stately as statues. Phidias turned not out his Jupiter so soon.

In various-dyed robes the five-and-twenty kings were arrayed; and various their features, as the rows of lips, eyes, and ears in John Caspar Lavater's physiognomical charts. Nevertheless, to a king, all their noses were aquiline.

There were long fox-tail beards of silver gray, and enamelled chins, like those of girls; bald pates and Merovingian locks; smooth brows and wrinkles: forms erect and stooping; an eye that squinted; one king was deaf; by his side, another that

was halt; and not far off, a dotard. They were old and young, tall and short, handsome and ugly, fat and lean, cunning and simple.

With animated courtesy our host received us; assigning a neighboring bower for Babbalanja and the rest; and among so many right-royal, demi-divine guests, how could the demi-gods Media and Taji be otherwise than at home?

The unwonted sprightliness of Donjalolo surprised us. But he was in one of those relapses of desperate gayety invariably following his failure in efforts to amend his life. And the bootless issue of his late mission to outer Mardi had thrown him into a mood for revelry. Nor had he lately shunned a wild wine called Morando.

A slave now appearing with a bowl of this beverage, it circulated freely.

Not to gainsay the truth, we fancied the Morando much. A nutty, pungent flavor it had; like some kinds of arrack distilled in the Philippine isles. And a marvellous effect did it have in dissolving the crystallization of the brain; leaving nothing but precious little drops of good humor, beading round the bowl of the cranium.

Meanwhile garlanded boys, climbing the limbs of the idol-pillars, and stirring their feet in their most holy mouths, suspended hangings of crimson tappa all round the hall; so that sweeping the pavement they rustled in the breeze from the grot.

Presently, stalwart slaves advanced; bearing a mighty basin of a porphyry hue, deep-hollowed out of a tree. Outside were innumerable grotesque conceits; conspicuous among which, for a border, was an endless string of the royal lizards circumnavigating the basin in inverted chase of their tails.

Peculiar to the groves of Willamilla, the yellow lizard formed part of the arms of Juam. And when Donjalolo's messengers went abroad, they carried its effigy, as the emblem of their royal master; themselves being known as the Gentlemen of the Golden Lizard.

The porphyry-hued basin planted full in our midst, the attendants forthwith filled the same with the living waters from the cascade; a proceeding, for which some of the company were at a loss to account, unless his highness, our host, with all the coolness of royalty, purposed cooling himself still further, by taking a bath in presence of his guests. A conjecture, most premature; for directly, the basin being filled to within a few inches of the lizards, the attendants fell to launching therein divers goodly sized trenchers, all laden with choice viands: wild boar meat; humps of grampus; embrowned bread-fruit, roasted in odoriferous fires of sandal wood, but suffered to cool; gold-fish, dressed with the fragrant juices of berries; citron sauce; rolls of the baked paste of yams; juicy bananas, steeped in a saccharine oil; marmalade of plantains; jellies of guava; confectioins of the treacle of palm sap; and many other dainties; besides numerous stained calabashes of Morando, and other beverages, fixed in carved floats to make them buoyant.

The guests assigned seats, by the woven handles attached to his purple mat, the prince, our host, was now gently moved by his servitors to the head of the porphyry-hued basin: where, flanked by lofty crowned heads, white tiaraed, and radiant with loyalty, he sat; like snow-turbaned Mont Blanc, at sunrise presiding over the head waters of the Rhone; to right and left, looming the gilded summits of the Simplon, the Gothard, the Jungfrau, the Great St. Bernard, and the Grand Glockner.

Yet turbid from the launching of its freight, Lake

Como tossed to and fro its navies of good cheer, the shadows of the king-peaks wildly flitting thereupon.

But no frigid wine and fruit cooler, Lake Como, as at first it did seem, but a tropical dining table, its surface a slab of light blue St. Pons marble in a state of fluidity.

Now, many a crown was doffed; sceptres laid aside; girdles slackened; and among those verdant viands the bearded kings like goats did browse; or tusking their wild boar's meat, like mastiffs ate.

And like unto some well-fought fight, beginning calmly, but pressing forward to a fiery rush, this well-fought feast did now wax warm.

A few royal epicures, however, there were: epicures intent upon concoctions, admixtures, and masterly compoundings; who comported themselves with all due deliberation and dignity; hurrying themselves into no reckless deglution of the dainties. Ah! admirable conceit, Lake Como; superseding attendants. For, from hand to hand the trenchers sailed; no sooner gaining one port, than dispatched over sea to another.

Well suited they were for the occasion; sailing high out of water, to resist the convivial swell at times ruffling the sociable sea; and sharp at both ends, still better adapting them to easy navigation.

But soon, the Morando, in triumphant decanters, went round, reeling like barks before a breeze. But their voyages were brief; and ere long, in certain havens, the accumulation of empty vessels threatened to bridge the lake with pontoons. In those directions, Trade winds were setting. But full soon, cut out were all unladen and unprofitable gourds; and replaced by jolly-bellied calabashes, for a time sailing deep, yawning heavily to the push.

At last, the whole flotilla of trenchers—wrecks and all—were sent swimming to the further end of Lake Como; and thence removed, gave place to ruddy hillocks of fruit, and floating islands of flowers. Chief among the former, a quince-like, golden sphere, that filled the air with such fragrance, you thought you were tasting its flavor.

Nor did the wine cease flowing. That day the Juam grape did bleed; that day the tendril ringlets of the vines did all uncurl; and grape by grape, in sheer dismay, the sun-ripe clusters dropped. Grape-glad were five-and-twenty kings; five-and-twenty kings were merry.

Morando's vintage had no end; nor other liquids, in the royal cellar stored, somewhere secret in the grot. Oh! where's the endless Niger's source? Search ye here, and search ye there; on, on, through ravine, vega, vale—no head waters will ye find. But why need gain the hidden spring, when its lavish stream flows by? At threefold mouths that Deltagrot discharged; rivers golden, white, and red.

But who may sing for aye? Down I come, and light upon the old and prosy plain.

Among other decanters set afloat, was a pompous, lordly-looking demijohn, but old and reverend withal, that sailed about, consequential as an autocrat going to be crowned, or a treasure-freighted argosie bound home before the wind. It looked solemn, however, though it reeled; peradventure, far gone with its own potent contents.

Oh! russet shores of Rhine and Rhone! oh! mellow memories of ripe old vintages! oh, cobwebs in the Pyramids! oh, dust on Pharaoh's tomb!—all, all recur, as I bethink me of that glorious gourd, its contents cogent as Tokay, itself as old as Mohi's legends; more venerable to look at than his beard. Whence came it? Buried in vases, so

saith the label, with the heart of old Marjora, now dead one hundred thousand moons. Exhumed at last, it looked no wine, but was shrunk into a subtle syrup.

This special calabash was distinguished by numerous trappings, caparisoned like the sacred bay steed led before the Great Khan of Tartary. A most curious and betasselled net-work encased it; and the royal lizard was jealously twisted about its neck, like a hand on a throat containing some invaluable secret.

All hail, Marzilla! King's Own Royal Particular! A vinous Percy! Dating back to the Conquest! Distilled of yore from purple berries growing in the purple valley of Ardair! Thrice hail!

But the imperial Marzilla was not for all; gods only could partake; the kings and demi-gods of the isles; excluding left-handed descendants of sad rakes of immortals, in old times breaking heads and hearts in Mardi, bequeathing bars-sinister to many mortals, who now in vain might urge a claim to a cup-full of right regal Marzilla.

The Royal Particular was pressed upon me by the now jovial Donjalolo. With his own sceptred hand charging my flagon to the brim, he declared his despotic pleasure that I should quaff it off to the last lingering globule. No hard calamity, truly; for the drinking of this wine was as the singing of a mighty ode, or phrensiad lyric to the soul.

"Drink, Taji," cried Donjalolo, "drink deep. In this wine a king's heart is dissolved. Drink long; in this wine lurk the seeds of the life everlasting. Drink deep; drink long; thou drinkest wisdom and valor at every draught. Drink for ever, oh Taji, for thou drinkest that which will enable thee to stand up and speak out before mighty Oro himself."

"Borabolla," he added, turning round upon a domed old king at his left, "was it the god Xipho, who begged of my great-great-grandsire a draught of this same wine, saying he was about to beget a hero?"

"Even so. And thy glorious Marzilla produced thrice valiant Ononna, who slew the giants of the reef."

"Ha, ha, hear'st that, oh Taji?" And Donjalolo drained another cup.

Amazing! the flexibility of the royal elbow, and the rigidity of the royal spine! More especially as we had been impressed with a notion of their debility. But, sometimes, these seemingly enervated young blades approve themselves steadier of limb than veteran revellers of very long standing.

"Discharge the basin, and refill it with wine," cried Donjalolo. "Break all empty gourds! Drink, kings, and dash your cups at every draught."

So saying, he started from his purple mat; and with one foot planted unknowingly upon the skull of Marjora; while all the skeletons grinned at him from the pavement; Donjalolo, holding on high his blood-red goblet, burst forth with the following invocation:—

Ha, ha, gods and kings; fill high, one and all;  
Drink, drink! shout and drink! mad respond to the call!  
Fill fast, and fill full; 'gainst the goblet ne'er sin;  
Quaff, there, at high tide, to the uttermost rim:—

Flood-tide and soul-tide to the brim!

Who with wine in him fears? who thinks of his cares?  
Who sighs to be wise, when wine in him flares?  
Water sinks down below, in currents full slow;  
But wine mounts on high with its genial glow:—

Welling up, till the brain overflow!

As the spheres with a roll, some fiery of soul,  
Others golden, with music, revolve round the pole;

So let our cups, radiant with many-hued wines,  
Round and round in groups circle, our Zodiac's signs:—  
Round reeling, and ringing their chimes!

Then drink, gods and kings; wine merriment brings;  
It bounds through the veins; there, jubilant sings.  
Let it ebb, then, and flow; wine never grows dim;  
Drain down that bright tide at the foam-beaded rim:—  
Fill up, every cup, to the brim!

Caught by all present, the chorus resounded again and again. The beaded wine danced on many a beard; the cataract lifted higher its voice; the grotto sent back a shout; the ghosts of the coral monarchs seemed starting from their insulted bones. But ha, ha, ha, roared forth the five-and-twenty kings—alive, not dead—holding both hands to their girdles, and baying out their laughter from abysses; like Nimrod's hounds over some fallen elk.

Mad and crazy revellers, how ye drank and roared! but kings no more: vestures loosed; and sceptres rolling on the ground.

Glorious agrarian, thou wine! bringing all hearts on a level, and at last all legs to the earth; even those of kings, who, to do them justice, have been much maligned for imputed qualities not theirs. For whoso has touched flagons with monarchs, bear they their back bones never so stiffly on the throne, well know the rascals to be at bottom royal good fellows; capable of a vinous frankness exceeding that of base-born men. Was not Alexander a boon companion? And daft Cambyses? and what of old Rowley, as good a judge of wine and other matters, as ever sipped claret or kisses.

If ever Taji joins a club, be it a beef-steak club of kings!

Donjalolo emptied yet another cup.

The mirth now blew a gale; like a ship's shrouds in the Typhoon, every tendon vibrated; the breezes of Omi came forth with a rush; the hangings shook; the goblets danced fandangos; and Donjalolo, clapping his hands, called before him his dancing women.

Forth came from the grotto a reed-like burst of song, making all start and look that way to behold such enchanting strains. Sounds heralding sights! Swimming in the air, emerged the nymphs, lustrous arms interlocked like Indian jugglers' glittering snakes. Round the cascade they thronged; then paused in its spray. Of a sudden, seemed to spring from its midst a young form of foam, that danced into the soul like a thought. At last, sideways floating off, it subsided into the grotto, a wave. Evening drawing on apace, the crimson draperies were lifted, and festooned to the arms of the idol-pillars, admitting the rosy light of the even.

Yielding to the reaction of the banquet, the kings now reclined; and two mute damsels entered: one with a gourd of scented waters; the other with napkins. Bending over Donjalolo's steaming head, the first let fall a shower of aromatic drops, slowly absorbed by her companion. Thus, in turn, all were served; nothing heard but deep breathing.

In a marble vase they now kindled some incense: a handful of spices.

Shortly after, came three of the king's beautiful smokers; who, lighting their tubes at this odorous fire, blew over the company the sedative fumes of the Aina.

Steeped in languor, I strove against it long; essayed to struggle out of the enchanted mist. But a syren hand seemed ever upon me, pressing me back.

Half-revealed, as in a dream, and the last sight that I saw, was Donjalolo:—eyes closed, face pale, locks moist, borne slowly to his sedan, to cross the hollow, and wake in the seclusion of his harem.

From the Spectator, 17th March.

THE Austrian government has imparted a striking turn to events in the empire, by suddenly superseding the dilatory Constituent Assembly at Kremsier, and promulgating a constitution, which fully adopts the doctrine we have upheld, that limited monarchy is the style of government best suited to the actual state of Europe. It is only, in its present form, a general declaration of rights applicable to all subjects of the empire, with a political organization for the empire considered as an imperial federation of states with a central government and parliament at Vienna. There are to be provisional parliaments, with a local administration of local affairs in the respective communities; but the several state constitutions are not yet promulgated; and those parts of the empire which may be called just now in litigation, such as Hungary and Austrian Italy, are expressly excluded until a future date. But the draft federal constitution is as expressly intended to embrace the whole empire; and it recognizes the essential elements of every political right. It seems a compound of the constitutions of England, France, and America.

In estimating the good faith and strength of purpose that animate the Austrian government, this step must be taken along with its antecedents, as one of a series. Although the secret history of affairs at Olmütz will not be published for many a day, it is not difficult to comprehend the broad nature of the counsels that have prevailed. The old Austrian régime broke down when the intrigues of the Archduke Francis Charles and the Camarilla came to a dead lock, and the imperial edicts, issued without any ministerial countersignature, simply attested the impotence of absolute authority. No available statesman could be found to countersign those absurd decrees. As soon as the signature of Wessenberg appeared at the foot of the imperial manifestoes, the influence of new councils was apparent; and, reviewed in sequel from the present vantage-ground, the general character of those councils is intelligible. The leading men are in the vigor of life. Prince Schwartzenberg is about fifty years of age, and is distinguished in the field and the council-chamber; Count Stadion, the leading mind, is a few years past forty, an accomplished diplomatist, and an energetic and intellectual statesman. The late emperor was led to the repose suited to his condition; a young prince, active, intelligent, and popular, was invited to the throne of Rodolph; the authority of the dynasty was upheld by force of arms, but the political doctrines of liberal Europe were recognized and accepted; Prince Schwartzenberg courts alliance with the republic of France, accepts the suggestion of a full European congress to revise the settlement of 1815, and invites the participation of Russia and Prussia; Count Stadion, uniting the characters of Cromwell and Jefferson, disperses the long parliament at Kremsier, and promulgates a federal constitution, of such a nature, that if the intent be converted into deed, Austria will be among the freest as it will once more be among the greatest empires of

the earth. Such is the present look of affairs. Some politicians see in the measure nothing but an attempt to gain time, until Russia shall have collected her armies. No *facts*, however, have as yet come forth to warrant that interpretation.

In Frankfort, meanwhile, the measures of the Austrian cabinet are regarded as a definitive separation from "Germany;" and M. Welcker, an advocate of Austria, has abandoned his advocacy, and proposed to offer the emperorship of "Germany" to the King of Prussia. On the other hand, Russia is said to have offered armed succors to enforce order in Prussia, and to have been answered that the approach of an army towards "Germany" would be met by the king as an overt act of war. These are rumors; but the anger of the Frankfort Assembly, at being slighted by Austria, is unmistakable; and every sign promises that Germany will throw herself into the hands of Frederick William, swelling his territories to an empire and promoting himself to an imperial title.

From the Spectator, 17th March.

#### THE AUSTRIAN CONSTITUTION.

THE constitution vouchsafed by the Austrian government to its subjects at present stands on the records of Europe as a project. It is a plan to which the government has pledged itself; and much is to be expected from a government which unites success in arms to so much boldness in grappling with the great political problems of the day; but still the event alone can be the effective test whether the government possesses sufficient vigor to realize this project. Its application to the states of the empire which are still holding back from their allegiance, are suspended for obvious reasons; but it is to be extended to the "whole empire," including those states not represented at Kremsier. For the moment, then, we take it only as a sign, a portent; but it is a glorious portent, it is a sign of great ideas sitting in possession of the imperial throne.

If the Austrian government has sufficient strength to carry out this draft constitution in substance, and to complete the plan in all branches, it will be esteemed a privilege to be a subject of the Austrian empire; the Emperor Francis Joseph will be the first among the continental sovereigns whose subjects will feel the same pride in their institutions and government that the Englishman feels—the pride of individual freedom, coupled with the pride of duty towards institutions worth allegiance, since they confer greatness on the nation and honor on its children.

If the constitution be accepted by the States of Austria, it cannot be retracted: even so much of it as is here guaranteed will suffice to confer upon the Austrians full personal and political liberty, with the means of working out their own institutions. We say this in view of the fact that the *provincial constitutions* are still wanting: but be they conceived in a spirit of Absolutism itself—which is most improbable—the subjects of the Austrian empire will yet possess, by virtue of this

imperial constitution, the instrument for developing their own liberties without delay or abatement: if the provincial constitutions be unworthy of the imperial charter, the aggrieved people may attain their object through *Austria*. This will appear from a bare enumeration of the rights now attested by the sign-manual of the young emperor.

Throughout the Austrian empire, full equality is secured to all religious creeds, with all such political and municipal rights as involve no breach of civic duties. Religious persecution, therefore, must cease forever—the vocation of a *Rōnge* is superseded; an appeal lies from the pope to the magistrate. “Science and the teaching of it are free;” in virtue of that single sentence, the opprobrium of Italian Austria, the moral and intellectual malversation of academic institutions, will fall. “Domestic instruction is not subject to restriction of any kind;” the educational inquisition of Austria falls. Expression of opinion is free. Every one has the right to petition. Personal liberty is inviolable; all patrimonial tribunals are abolished; every citizen is to be tried before the public tribunals, without distinction of class: Spielberg then has ceased. “The entire empire forms one customs and commercial territory,” “there is but one Austrian citizenship for all nations of the empire,” “there is no restraint on personal movements within the boundaries of the empire.” It needs no comment to point out the immense power conferred on the citizen by this liberty of commercial intercourse, this ubiquity of his privileges, and this freedom to carry his person and opinions to all parts of the empire. The emperor is inviolable and irresponsible: every public act must be signed by a minister; the ministers are responsible. There are to be two chambers; one, like the American senate, composed of deputies from the diets of the great provinces that form the empire, not less than two from each; the other chamber elected by direct popular suffrage. A property qualification restricts the franchise: but when it is remembered that the poorer orders are in most cases available for the government *against* the intelligent and effective political sections of each people, the limitation of the franchise, intended no doubt as a guarantee for order, is also a direct concentration and augmentation of political power in the hands of that intelligent and effective section. The deputies are inviolable, and in no way accountable for things said in debate. The emperor can dissolve either chamber, or both; but then, a new diet, including of course both chambers, for they cannot sit separately, must be convened within three months.

The leading ideas of this project, which is ascribed to Count Stadion, are three—the regeneration of the Austrian empire, by allying it to the dominant opinions of Europe; the direct employment of liberal European opinions and sympathies in working out the imperial interests; the consolidation of the Austrian empire. It is as *an Austrian* that the Italian is to feel political strength and freedom come upon him; as an Austrian that

the Bohemian is to awake to a freedom such as the Hungarian hoped to attain, and the Englishman possesses; as an Austrian that the purchaser of Hungarian lands in base tenure sees a prospect dawning upon him of securing his property against reversionary purchase. What are the probabilities and difficulties that attend the carrying out of this project, it would be impossible at the moment to calculate. National jealousies may render the Hungarian obstinately contumacious—especially as he will bear in mind the Emperor Joseph the First's assimilating crotchet, and the success which Hungary had in resisting a plan that would have abated her liberties in raising others. Hopes of achieving some peculiar national supremacy may make Jellachich and the Slavonian races shrink from a consolidation, which will rouse their prejudices of nationality, while few of them may appreciate the political advantages placed within their reach. The heat of recent contest and the delirium of revolutionary enthusiasms may make the Italians repel a project which offers them more than they are likely to realize for themselves within the prospect of living vision. But the safety and stability of Austria are not less staked on the success of the project than the real interests of the subject provinces; and the author of the draft is evidently impressed with that conviction. The probability of its complete establishment rests on the inherent power of the Austrian government—its tact, sagacity, and strength of arm. Count Stadion and his colleagues are engaged in the strangest of all the revolutions that Europe has just witnessed—stranger than any of those in 1848—a movement to reestablish the monarchy of absolute Austria on a basis like that which has conferred so much stability on the English monarchy, and to consolidate the empire by swallowing up many scattered and wild revolutions in one which is to enforce over the vast territory recently contested by absolutism and republicanism the dominant European principle of the day—limited monarchy.

It is interesting to observe the two agencies that have jointly carried Austria thus far in her onward progress—force of intellect and force of arms. The doctrines of Western Europe have been percolating the best parts of the Austrian empire, until they had completely undermined the public opinion on which absolutism rested; for all sovereign power rests on opinion of some kind. But the past power of Austria had built up such a machinery for its own perpetuation, in the shape of its bureaucracy and its armies, that mere doctrine might as well have tried to “write down” an Egyptian pyramid as the organized power of Vienna. Revolt has shaken Europe with its ensanguined earthquake; faith in the inviolable immortality of absolute power has been destroyed; it has not yet been positively conquered in pitched battle, but it has faced the death of extermination, and its upholders were afraid. Meanwhile, the opinions of the day have gained possession even of the best servants of the old régime:

among the courtly intrigues of Berlin, Humboldt recognizes the flower of cosmic science in free government, Austrian bureaucracy produces a *Stadion* who can form the gigantic scheme of reconstructing an empire on doctrinal grounds, and the house of Hapsburg once more produces a prince who can accept the great enterprise of his age. This is not reaction, but action: this constitution it is, and not the declamations of Blum or the dreams of Jellachich, which mark the progress that Austria has made. On the other hand, Humboldt might have lectured on the cosmogony for the term of another lengthened life, and *Stadion* might have reflected till the sleep of the tomb, had not the revolutionists of Paris awakened the strength of Europe to perform the will of its mind. *Suum cuique.* It is the sharp sword of revolution which has cut open the closed leaves of political doctrine and laid the volume open to the peoples of Europe. They cannot all read it yet with steady eyes and fixed attention; but the book is closed no more; and here in Austria itself an edition is published with the imprimatur of imperial authority!

From the *Examiner*, 17th March.

#### AUSTRIA—ITS ALLIANCE AND CONSTITUTION.

The days of intimate alliances are gone. The time when two great courts patched up a marriage, and on the strength of the family tie made a secret treaty for robbing or over-reaching other kingdoms, is passed. The struggle of diplomatists to acquire personal influence, and to link courts together by the intrigues of princely caprice, is become absurd to think of. When, therefore, our contemporary, the *Morning Chronicle*, makes long diatribes about England's alienating Austria, and being on bad terms with an ancient ally, the ingenious writer is merely committing an anachronism, and discussing the feeling of the nineteenth century with the ideas of the eighteenth.

The writer in question infers, from a sentence of one of Prince Schwartzenberg's dispatches, that England or its minister, first and alone, proposed the dismemberment of Austria and Lombardy. And hereupon is built a mighty pile of accusations. Now, what is the fact? M. Hummelauer came to this country to ask our government to mediate between Austria and the Lombards. It was proposed to grant a separate government to the Milanese. Lord Palmerston replied that he should be delighted to mediate, and to procure the Milanese for Austria on these terms; but in the then state of affairs, with the Austrians driven behind the Adige, he saw no chance of any such condition being accepted by the Italians. M. Hummelauer admitted the good sense and fairness of the reply, and said he would seek new instructions. Such, simply, was the negotiation which Prince Schwartzenberg misrepresents, and which the *Morning Chronicle* runs into a labyrinth of errors in seeking to make a crime of.

As to England's being on fair terms with Austria, there can be no fear of that. The Austrian cabinet has just shown, by the remarkable constitution which it has promulgated, a determination to form a new and a liberal empire, based not on Russia or on military principles, but on national sentiments and interests. Every law of that constitution breathes mistrust of Russia. And the power which promulgated such a form of government can in future do no other than lean upon, and in the direction of, constitutional countries.

There may be statesmen and generals in Austria who do not approve their constitution, and who are for a thick-and-thin Russian alliance. But notwithstanding all the reports which tell of their success, and of the completion of that alliance, we must take the liberty, as yet, not to believe them. Austria has still more to lose than to win by Russian support; and we must suspend our credence till something more positive be learned.

In the affairs of Italy, however, the Austrian minister takes more pains to win France, to flatter it, and obtain its support, than it takes for English adhesion. What more natural? The national feeling of England is not awakened for Lombard as for Roman independence. We do not, like the French President, hold an ardent population in leash, and keep it from rushing over the Alps. We should therefore neither be suspicious nor jealous of Austrian advances to France. The *Morning Chronicle* seeks to affright us by the bugbear of a French and Austrian alliance, such as that which in the last half century menaced the balance of power in Germany and in Europe. Who now fears for the balance of power in Germany or in Europe? In the last century France and Austria leagued—what for?—to make war, to hustle Prussia, or to get a slice of Poland. Now, if they ally, we may depend upon it that it is not for war, but for peace; not for the purposes of treachery, but for those of compromise. Instead of being in alarm at a good understanding between Prince Schwartzenberg and Louis Napoleon, we may find reason, on the contrary, to congratulate ourselves and Europe on the closeness and sincerity of the understanding.

We should have said this at any time; but how much more should it be said now, when Austria has entered, to all appearance frankly, on the path of constitutional government! Since the bombardments of Prague and of Vienna, the court of Austria has been identified with a purely military administration. Courts-martial, forced constitutions, unnecessary executions, threats and violence, have marked the career of Windischgrätz and Radetzki. But the civilians have at length spoken out; and as far as can yet be learned of the new constitutional organization promulgated, it is favorable to liberty. It is the first great essay of a monarchical federation. And it has this advantage, that even if the great empire of Austria should be doomed to fall asunder, it educates and prepares each province and class in the practice

of their local liberties and self-administration, which will serve to mature and render them independent and free, whatever may be the future dismemberment in partitioning the empire. The constitution falls certainly the hardest upon Hungary, whose ancient freedom and constitution it modifies and destroys. But this part of the arrangement of the constitution cannot be considered as complete; and it is to be hoped that some compromise may be entered into between the combatants on both banks of the Theiss, which may satisfy the susceptibilities and fair objections of the Magyars.

Singular to say, the entrance of the Russians into Transylvania is believed to be the immediate cause of the promulgation of the constitution. It was, first of all, a proof that the military leaders and strength of the country did not suffice to establish peace and restore tranquillity. But Russian military aid towards this was a remedy worse than the disease; and therefore, contrary to the desire of the military chiefs, the constitution was issued. Another motive for giving it was the effect produced on the minds of the Germans and at Frankfort by the Russian intervention. The mere fact at once threw the whole weight of public opinion to the side of Prussia, which might thus have borne away the prize of the imperial crown. The Austrian statesmen, however, by their constitution, show themselves no less liberal than the Prussian. If they have not universal suffrage, neither have they indirect election. And it must be admitted that a federal system is more likely and fitted to unite Germany, and to connect the outlying provinces with a link binding yet not galling, than if the Austrian empire was formed into an administrative whole.

But however intended to captivate the Germans, and win golden opinions, the Austrian constitution has undoubtedly not yet done so. It has been very ill received at Frankfort. The chief representative of Austria, Schmerling, has been obliged to resign. Weleker has wheeled round, with two score votes; and should the election of German emperor take place at once, ere there is time for reflection, there is no doubt of the election of the King of Prussia. But a little delay and reflection, especially if the Russians do not advance, and the Russian alliance be denied, may change this aspect of affairs.

Should, however, the rumor turn out to be true, that Russia, assured of Austrian alliance, or rather submission, has used dictatorial language to Prussia, and disapproved her constitution, then indeed the flame may be expected to break forth, and a struggle to ensue between the German and the Russian races, of which no one can foresee the result, except that Austria will infallibly fall a prey to the victor.

THE state of Italy is more unsettled than ever. The republicans appear for the moment to have it all their own way in Tuscany and Rome. Austrian troops threaten, but do not stir. Piedmont

resumes the war; on what mission, does not appear. The grand duke joins the pope in his exile at Gaeta, but declines to share the damaging hospitality of King Ferdinand. And absolute King Ferdinand, who harbors the crowned exiles of Tuscany and Rome, is in hot water.

The position of the "Lazzarone infermo" is singular. In Naples, he seems to be abetting his arbitrary and inefficient ministry in dissolving the chambers just elected; a step that might be taken by a new ministry, but hardly by one that has already been indulged in two dissolutions. In Sicily, the king is offering, as the price of a return to allegiance, the concession of what was originally the whole matter in dispute. When the European revolution reached Southern Italy, King Ferdinand offered to the Sicilians a constitution, but it was that of 1812, and was accompanied by continued union with Naples. They demanded a separate administration and the constitution of 1812—their own ancient constitution revised in that year under English auspices. After a twelvemonth's warfare, the king offers to grant a constitution on the basis of 1812, with a separate administration, a separate budget, a pure Sicilian staff of functionaries, and something like an amnesty. The offer is either a trick, such as is permitted only to thimbleriggers at Epsom and kings at Naples, or it is the most amazing premium on rebellion vouchsafed by a monarch of the Neapolitan house. Good qualities may be brought out even in a Neapolitan Bourbon, if his subjects will only rebel enough.—*Spectator*, 17 March.

From the *Examiner*, 10th March.

#### RUSSIAN MOVEMENTS.

RUSSIA, which seems to have lain in perfect quietude, however vigilant, during all the European revolution and agitation of last year, seems to have awakened to restlessness and ambition just at the moment when the rest of Europe is forswearing such motives and causes of disquiet. Russian diplomacy, so silent and reserved last year, has of a sudden begun to send forth notes insisting on keeping intact those stipulations of 1815 which Russia itself has in so many instances set at nought. Russia has all at once grown alive to the state of Austria, of Prussia, and of Italy. Alarmed at the liberal constitution given by the King of Prussia, the czar has hermetically sealed his frontier, and advanced an army into Lithuania, in addition to that which already may be said to govern Poland. Even the Imperial Guards have been ordered to Wilna.

In the vicinity of Cracow and on the borders of Gallicia, the Russians are in force. The principalities of the Danube have, we know, been occupied by them; and it required but the Austrian commander in Transylvania to hold up his finger to have had a corps of Russian troops instantly garrisoning the strong towns of that principality.

The Porte, meanwhile, which at first offered no objection to the Russians' march to Jassy and Bucharest, has begun to conceive mistrust and to offer protests. England and France are said both to join

in the latter, and to support the sultan. But Russia, instead of desisting, daily makes fresh demands. It made the strange proposal, for example, that the Porte should send her fleet into the Adriatic, to support that of Austria in closing the ports of those seas, or, at least, of the Dalmatian shore. The Porte scouted the idea, which, in truth, would have been a disgrace to Christendom. But Russia made it in the mere expectation of denial, and for the sake of the pretext of then asking to pass the Dardanelles with her own Black Sea fleet, in order to intervene at Palermo and Civita, as the French and English fleets were doing. Titoff is reported to have made the formal demand, to have been refused passage by the Turkish minister, and to have threatened in consequence that the Russian fleet would force a passage.

It may, however, be suspected that Russia is not serious in this threat, and that it has been thrown out principally to induce France to consent to the march of the Austrians into Tuscany, which virtually will be the overthrow of the republican doings in Central Italy. The present French government is said not to be averse; but it needs an excuse, and fears the effect on its own people of a triumphant march of the Austrians to crush all freedom at Florence.

The *Times*, in touching upon these events, remarks with some truth the singular result of France and Austria having come to an understanding in Italy, while Russia and Austria have come to an understanding on the Danube. This, which the *Times* represents as most untoward, it attributes of course to its usual scape-goat, Lord Palmerston. The full understanding, however, which has been wrought between France and Austria, and between Austria and Russia, proceeds not from any sayings or doings of our foreign minister, but from that poverty and necessity which is said proverbially to introduce men, as well as countries, to strange bedfellows.

Austria is but too glad to be on good terms with Russia, seeing that Austria is unable to reduce Hungary without the aid of Russian troops. When she is obliged to call on them to help her against Kossuth, how can Austria object to Russian designs on the principalities or on the Bosphorus?

Again, Louis Napoleon has the republic in Paris to curb and to ride, and can have no ambition to see wild democracy flourish either in Rome or Florence. He cannot with any show of fairness arrest it himself, but he would delight to see Austria or any power do so. Louis Napoleon evidently desires no better than to play the monarch, and force himself into the rank and circle of European crowned heads. For this he must qualify; and he can best qualify for it in the manner that Napoleon did, by being on the best of terms with the nominal head of the Holy Roman Empire. The President of the French republic will by-and-bye be looking in the same direction for a wife. Whenever he does so, the *Times* will not fail to throw the blame on Lord Palmerston.

*"Labor and other Capital—the Rights of each Secured and the Wrongs of both Eradicated,"* is an American book with a species of communist object.

In Mr. Edward Kellogg's opinion, capital is increasing too fast in the States, and threatening to overwhelm the rights of labor. According to his calculation, about two and a half per cent. of the population owns one half of the property of the country; if matters are permitted to go on as they are going, individual wealth will still further increase, and the laborer in America be as badly off as the laborer in Europe. This disproportionate distribution of good things is not owing to any natural necessity, but is artificially brought about by the laws. "A very large proportion of the people," he writes, "are actually wronged out of their property, and the earnings of their labor, by the operation of the laws, although their contracts are voluntarily made and honestly fulfilled. Neither of the contracting parties may know that either is injured by the laws, although both may be sensible that justice is not really done them."

The origin of this injustice is in the law which makes the precious metals a legal tender; but the direct mode of producing the evil is by high and fluctuating rates of interest, by means of which the fraction (two and a half per cent.) of capitalists can practise extortion upon the rest of the community. The simple remedy for inequality and wrong, according to Mr. Kellogg's plan, is to let everybody with land issue money on it.

The plan requires the general government to establish an institution, with one or more branches in each state. This institution may appropriately be called the National Safety Fund; first, because the money of this institution will always be safe; second, because it will secure property and labor from the tyranny now exercised over them by the capricious power of money.

To make this currency a true representative of property, the Safety Fund must issue its money only in exchange for mortgages secured by double the amount of productive landed estate. The money, when put in circulation, will represent and be secured by the first half of productive property, and the interest upon the mortgages will be secured by a portion of the yearly products or income of the property. The Safety Fund will issue its money, bearing no interest, for the mortgages bearing interest. [The rate of interest is to be one and a tenth per cent.]

Except in the prominence given to the question of interest, there is no peculiar novelty in Mr. Kellogg's scheme. Mississippi Law proposed a plan to the Parliament of Scotland for the issue of paper money on the credit of land; and we have latterly seen the project revived in this country with an extension to all commodities not perishable. It is needless to point out the error of confounding property with currency; the confusion that would ensue if every holder of land in the country were to rush for notes on the opening of the banks; or the great fluctuations in value, as each large issue of new paper money depreciated that already in circulation, with the further embroilment from the action of a funding process (analogous to our funding of exchequer bills) designed to correct the over-issues, of which Mr. Kellogg has a kind of perception.

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**PACPECTUS.**—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh, Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tail's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the *movement*—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by “*winnocing the wheat from the chaff*,” by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.